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ENGLAND IN TIME OF WAR.

BY

SYDNEY DOBELL,

AUTHOR OF "BALDER," AND "THE ROMAN."

LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER & CO., 65, CORNHILL.

1856.

(The Author reserves the right of Translation.)

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ENGLAND
IN
TIME OF WAR.

DESOLATE.

FROM the sad eaves the drip-drop of the rain !
The water washing at the latchel door ;
A slow step plashing by upon the moor ;
A single bleat far from the famished fold ;
The clicking of an embered hearth and cold ;
The rainy Robin tic-tac at the pane.

“ So as it is with thee
Is it with me,
So as it is and it used not to be,
With thee used not to be,
Nor me,”

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B

So singeth Robin on the willow tree,
The rainy Robin tic-tac at the pane.

Here in this breast all day
The fire is dim and low,
Within I care not to stay,
Without I care not to go.

A sadness ever sings
Of unforgotten things,
And the bird of love is patting at the pane;
But the wintry water deepens at the door,
And a step is plashing by upon the moor
Into the dark upon the darkening moor,
And alas, alas, the drip-drop of the rain!

THE MARKET-WIFE'S SONG.*

THE butter an' the cheese weel stowit they be,
 I sit on the hen-coop the eggs on my knee,
 The lang kail jigs as we jog owre the rigs,
 The gray mare's tail it wags wi' the kail,
 The warm simmer sky is blue aboon a',
 An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld wheels twa.

I sit on the coop, I look straight before,
 But my heart it is awa' the braid ocean owre,
 I see the bluidy fiel' where my ain bonny chiel',
 My wee bairn o' a', gaed to fight or to fa',
 An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld wheels twa.

I see the gran' toun o' the big forrin' loun,
 I hear the cannon soun', I see the reek aboon ;
 It may be lang John lettin' aff his gun,
 It may be the mist—your mither disna wist—
 It may be the kirk, it may be the ha',
 An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld wheels twa.

* In several of the Scottish songs of this volume, the author wishes, notwithstanding whatever *couleur locale* they may possess, to be understood as speaking rather for a class than a locality. As most of the English provincial dialects are poetically objectionable, and are modifications of tongues which exist more purely in the "Lallans" of Scotland, it seemed to him that when expressing the general peasant life of the empire he might employ the central truth of that noble Doric which is at once rustic and dignified, heroic and vernacular.

An' I ken the Black Sea, ayont the rock o' dool,
Like a muckle blot o' ink in a buik fra' the schule,
An' Jock! it gars me min' o' your buikies lang syne,
An' mindin' o' it a' the tears begin to fa',
An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld wheels twa.

Then a bull roars fra' the scaur, ilka rock's a bull agen,
An' I hear the trump o' war, an' the carse is fu' o' men,
Up an' down the morn I ken the bugle horn,
Ilka birdie sma' is a fleein' cannon ba',
An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld wheels twa.

Guid Heavens! the Russian host! We maun e'en gie up for
lost!

Gin ye gain the battle hae ye countit a' the cost?
Ye may win a gran' name, but wad wee Jock come hame?
Dinna fecht, dinna fecht! there's room for us a',
An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld wheels twa.

In vain, in vain, in vain! They are marchin' near and far!
Wi' swords an' wi' slings an' wi' instruments o' war!
Oh, day sae dark an' sair! ilka man seven feet an' mair!
I bow my head an' say, "Gin the Lord wad smite them a'!"
An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld wheels twa.

Then forth fra' their ban' there steps an armed man,
His tairge at his breast an' his claymore in his han',
His gowd pow glitters fine an' his shadow fa's behin',
I think o' great Goliath as he stan's before them a',
An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld wheels twa.

To meet the Philistine leaps a laddie fra' our line,
Oh, my heart! oh, my heart! 'tis that wee lad o' mine!
I start to my legs—an' doun fa' the eggs—
The cocks an' hens a' they cackle an' they ca',
An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld wheels twa.

Oh, Jock, my Hielan' lad—oh, Jock, my Hielan' lad,
Never till I saw thee that moment was I glad!
Aye sooner sud thou dee before thy mither's ee'
Than a man o' the clan sud hae stept out but thee!
An' sae I cry to God—while the hens cackle a',
An' whiddie, whuddie, whaddie, gang the auld wheels twa.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S SONG.

Do not mind my crying, Papa, I am not crying for pain.
Do not mind my shaking, Papa, I am not shaking with fear;
Tho' the wild wild wind is hideous to hear,
And I see the snow and the rain.
When will you come back again,
Papa, Papa ?

Somebody else that you love, Papa,
Somebody else that you dearly love
Is weary, like me, because you're away.
Sometimes I see her lips tremble and move,
And I seem to know what they're going to say;
And every day, and all the long day,
I long to cry, "Oh Mama, Mama,
When will Papa come back again?"
But before I can say it I see the pain
Creeping up on her white white cheek,
As the sweet sad sunshine creeps up the white wall,
And then I am sorry, and fear to speak;
And slowly the pain goes out of her cheek,
As the sad sweet sunshine goes from the wall.
Oh, I wish I were grown up wise and tall,
That I might throw my arms round her neck
And say, "Dear Mama, oh, what is it all
That I see and see and do not see

In your white white face all the livelong day ? ”
But she hides her grief from a child like me.
When will you come back again,
Papa, Papa ?

Where were you going, Papa, Papa ?
All this long while have you been on the sea ?
When she looks as if she saw far away,
Is she thinking of you, and what does she see ?
Are the white sails blowing,
And the blue men rowing,
And are you standing on the high deck
Where we saw you stand till the ship grew gray,
And we watched and watched till the ship was a speck,
And the dark came first to you, far away ?
I wish I could see what she can see,
But she hides her grief from a child like me.
When will you come back again,
Papa, Papa ?

Don't you remember, Papa, Papa,
How we used to sit by the fire, all three,
And she told me tales while I sat on her knee,
And heard the winter winds roar down the street,
And knock like men at the window pane ;
And the louder they roared, oh, it seemed more sweet
To be warm and warm as we used to be,
Sitting at night by the fire, all three.
When will you come back again,
Papa, Papa ?

Papa, I like to sit by the fire ;
Why does she sit far away in the cold ?
If I had but somebody wise and old,
That every day I might cry and say,
“ Is she changed, do you think, or do I forget ?
Was she always as white as she is to-day ?
Did she never carry her head up higher ? ”
Papa, Papa, if I could but know !
Do you think her voice was always so low ?
Did I always see what I seem to see
When I wake up at night and her pillow is wet ?
You used to say her hair it was gold—
It looks like silver to me.
But still she tells the same tale that she told,
She sings the same songs when I sit on her knee,
And the house goes on as it went long ago,
When we lived together, all three.
Sometimes my heart seems to sink, Papa,
And I feel as if I could be happy no more.
Is she changed do you think, Papa,
Or did I dream she was brighter before ?

She makes me remember my snowdrop, Papa,
That I forgot in thinking of you,
The sweetest snowdrop that ever I knew !
But I put it out of the sun and the rain :
It was green and white when I put it away,
It had one sweet bell and green leaves four ;
It was green and white when I found it that day,

It had one pale bell and green leaves four,
But I was not glad of it any more.
Was it changed, do you think, Papa,
Or did I dream it was brighter before ?

Do not mind my crying, Papa,
I am not crying for pain.
Do not mind my shaking, Papa,
I am not shaking for fear ;
Tho' the wild wild wind is hideous to hear,
And I see the snow and the rain.
When will you come back again,
Papa, Papa ?

"HE IS SAFE."

"AND it shall come to pass at eventide
There shall be light." Lord, it hath come to pass.
As one day to the world so now to me
Thine advent. My dark eve is white as noon ;
My year so sour and green is gold and red ;
Mine eyes have seen Thy Goodness. All is done.

All things bespeak an end. I am come near
The crown o' this steep earth. My feet still stand
Cold in the western shadow, but my brow
Lives in the living light. The toil is o'er,
Surely "He giveth His beloved Rest."

I feel two worlds: one ends and one begins.
Methinks I dwell in both; being much here,
But more hereafter: even as when the nurse
Doth give the babe into the mother's arms,
And she who hath not quite resigned, and she
Who hath not all received, support in twain
The single burden; ne'ertheless the babe
Already tastes its mother. Lord, I come.
Thy signs are in me. "He shall wipe away
All tears:" Thou see'st my tears are wiped away.
"There shall be no more pain:" Lord, it is done,
Here there is no more pain. "The sun no more

Shall be their light by day:" even so, Lord,
 I need no light of sun or moon! My heart
 Is as a lamp of jasper, crystal-clear,
 Dark when Thy light is out, but lit with Thee
 The sun may be a suckling at this breast,
 And milk a nobler glory. Lord, I know
 Mine hour. This painful world, that was of thorns,
 Is roses. Like a fragrance thro' my soul
 I breathe a balm of slumber. Let me sleep.
 Bring me my easy pillows, Margery.
 I am asleep; this oak is soft: all things
 Are rest: I sink as into bliss. O Lord,
 Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.

THE SODGER'S LASSIE.

A' THE toun is to the doun
Puin' o' the blaeberrie.
Ab's gane, Rab's gane,
Aggie's gane, Maggie's gane,
A' the toun is to the doun,
An's left the house to wae and me.

Heigho the blaeberrie !
Wha 'll hae a blaeberrie ?
Ah, to min' o' auld lang syne,
Puin' o' the blaeberrie !

Sodger Tam, he cam an cam,
Puin' o' the blaeberrie ;
Still I went, an' still I bent,
Puin' o' the blaeberrie.

Berries high, an' berries low,
Heigho the blaeberrie !
Tam maun come where berries grow,
Puin' o' the blaeberrie.

Heigho the blaeberry !
Wha 'll hae a blaeberry ?
Ah, to min' o' auld lang syne,
Puin' o' the blaeberry !

Never ance I looked at Tam,
Heigho the blaeberry !
Weel I kent him when he cam,
Puin' o' the blaeberry.

Baith our faces to the groun',
Puin' o' the blaeberry,
Tam cam near without a soun',
Heigho the blaeberry !

Wow ! but we were near, I ween,
Puin' o' the blaeberry !
A' the air was warm between,
Heigho the blaeberry !

Could a lassie think o' ill,
Puin' o' the blaeberry ?
Berries e'en grow where they will,
Heigho the blaeberry !

Berries here, an' berries there,
Heigho the blaeberry !
I was kissed or I was ware,
Puin' o' the blaeberry.

Wha wad fash wi' ane anither
Puin' o' the blaeberry?
Berries whiles will grow thegither,
Heigho the blaeberry!

I was kissed or I could speer,
Heigho the blaeberry!
Hech! that folk sud come sae near,
A' to pu' a blaeberry!

While I grat an chid forbye,
Heigho the blaeberry!
Doun we sat—I ken na why—
A' amang the blaeberry.

Heigho the blaeberry!
Wha 'll hae a blaeberry?
Oh, to min' o' auld lang syne,
A' amang the blaeberry!

Sidelong Tam he cam an' cam
A' amang the blaeberry.
Wha' could tell he meant na fair?
Weel I ken I chid him sair,
But that day we gaed na mair
Puin' o' the blaeberry!

Heigho the blaeberry!
Wha 'll hae a blaeberry?
Oh, to min' o' auld lang syne,
Doun amang the blaeberry!

LADY CONSTANCE.

My Love, my Lord,
I think the toil of glorious day is done.
I see thee leaning on thy jewelled sword,
And a light-hearted child of France
Is dancing to thee in the sun,
And thus he carols in his dance.

“ Oh, a gallant sans peur
Is the merry chasseur,
With his fanfaron horn and his rifle ping-pang !
And his grand havresack
Of gold on his back,
His pistol cric-crac !
And his sword cling-clang !

“ Oh, to see him blythe and gay
From some hot and bloody day,
Come to dance the night away till the bugle blows ‘ au rang ’,
With a wheel and a whirl
And a wheeling waltzing girl,
And his bow, ‘ place aux dames ! ’ and his oath ‘ feu et sang ! ’

And his hop and his fling
Till his gold and silver ring
To the clatter and the clash of his sword cling-clang !

“ But hark,
Thro' the dark,
Up goes the well-known shout !
The drums beat the turn out !
Cut short your courting, Monsieur l' Amant !
Saddle ! mount ! march ! trot !
Down comes the storm of shot,
The foe is at the charge ! En avant !

“ His jolly havresack
Of gold is on his back,
Hear his pistol cric-crac ! hear his rifle ping-pang !

“ Vive l' Empereur !
And where's the Chasseur ?

“ He's in
Among the din
Steel to steel cling-clang !”

And thou within the doorway of thy tent
Leanest at ease with careless brow unbent,
Watching the dancer in as pleased a dream,
As if he were a gnat i' the evening gleam,
And thou and I were sitting side by side
Within the happy bower

Where oft at this same hour
We watched them the sweet year I was a bride.

My Love, my Lord,
Leaning so grandly on thy jewelled sword,
Is there no thought of home to whisper thee,
None can relieve the weary guard I keep,
None wave the flag of breathing truce for me,
Nor sound the hours to slumber or to weep?
Once in a moon the bugle breaks thy rest,
I count my days by trumpets and alarms :
Thou liest down in thy warcloak and art blest,
While I, who cannot sleep but in thine arms,
Wage night and day fresh fields unknown to fame,
Arm, marshal, march, charge, fight, fall, faint and die,
Know all a soldier can endure but shame,
And every chance of warfare but to fly.
I do not murmur at my destiny :
It can but go with love, with whom it came,
And love is like the sun—his light is sweet,
And sweet his shadow—welcome both to me !
Better for ever to endure that hurt
Which thou canst taste but once than once to lie
At ease when thou hast anguish. Better I
Be often sad when thou art gay than gay
One moment of thy sorrow. Tho' I pray
Too oft I shall win nothing of the sky
But my unfilled desire and thy desert
Can take it and still lack. Oh, might I stay
At the shut gates of heaven ! that so I meet

Each issuing fate, and cling about his feet
And melt the dreadful purpose of his eye,
And not one power pass unimpleaded by
Whose bolt might be for thee! Aye, love is sweet
In shine or shade! But love hath jealousy,
That knowing but so little thinks so much!
And I am jealous of thee even with such
A fatal knowledge. For I wot too well
In the set season that I cannot tell
Death will be near thee. This thought doth deflour
All innocence from time. I dare not say
"Not now," but for the instant cull the hour,
And for the hour reap all the doubtful day,
And for the day the year: and so, forlorn,
From morn till night, from startled night till morn,
Like a blind slave I bear thine heavy ill
Till thy time comes to take it: come when 't will
The broken slave will bend beneath it still.

HOW'S MY BOY?

"Ho, Sailor of the sea!

How's my boy—my boy?"

"What's your boy's name, good wife,

And in what good ship sailed he?"

"My boy John—

He that went to sea—

What care I for the ship, sailor?

My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea,

And not know my John?

I might as well have asked some landsman

Yonder down in the town.

There's not an ass in all the parish

But he knows my John.

"How's my boy—my boy?

And unless you let me know

I'll swear you are no sailor,

Blue jacket or no,

Brass buttons or no, sailor,

Anchor and crown or no!

Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton'—

"Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"
"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor,
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound,
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?"
"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."
"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother—
How's my boy—my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How's my boy—my boy?"

FAREWELL.

CAN I see thee stand
On the looming land ?
Dost thou wave with thy white hand
Farewell, farewell ?
I could think that thou art near,
Thy sweet voice is in mine ear,
Farewell, farewell !
While I listen, all things seem
Singing in a singing dream,
Farewell, farewell !
Echoing in an echoing dream,
Farewell, farewell !

Yon boat upon the sea,
It floats 'twixt thee and me,
I see the boatman listless lie ;
He cannot hear the cry
That in mine ears doth ring
Farewell, farewell !
Doth it pass him o'er and o'er,
Heard upon the shore behind,
Farewell, farewell !
Heard upon the ship before,
Farewell, farewell !

Like an arrow that can dart
Viewless thro' the viewless wind,
Plain on the quivering string,
And plain in the victim's heart ?

Are there voices in the sky,
Farewell, farewell ?
Am I mocked by the bright air,
Farewell, farewell ?
The empty air that everywhere
Silvers back the sung reply,
Farewell, farewell !
While to and fro the tremulous accents fly,
Farewell, farewell !
Now shown, now shy,
Farewell, farewell !
Now song, now sigh,
Farewell, farewell !
Toy with the grasping heart that deems them nigh,
Come like blown bells in sudden wind and high,
Or far on furthest verge in lingering echoes die,
Farewell, farewell !
Farewell, farewell, farewell !

Oh, Love ! what strange dumb Fate
Hath broken into voice to see us hope ?
Surely we part to meet again ?
Like one struck blind, I grope
In vain, in vain ;

I cannot hold a single sense to tell
The meaning of this melancholy bell,
Farewell, farewell !

I touch them with my thought, and small and great
They join the swaying swell,
Farewell, farewell !
Farewell, farewell, farewell !

Aye, when I felt thee falling
On this heaving breast—
Aye, when I felt thee prest
Nearer, nearer, nearer,
Dearer, dearer, dearer—
Aye, while I saw thy face,
In that long last embrace,
The first, the last, the best—
Aye, while I held thee heart to heart,
My soul had pushed off from the shore,
And we were far apart ;
I heard her calling, calling,
From the sea of nevermore
Farewell, farewell !
Fainter, fainter, like a bell
Rung from some receding ship,
Farewell, farewell !
The far and further knell
Did hardly reach my lip,
Farewell, farewell !
Farewell, farewell, farewell !

Away, you omens vain !
Away, away !
What ! will you not be driven ?
My heart is trembling to your augury.
Hence ! Like a flight of seabirds at a gun,
A thousand ways they scatter back to Heaven,
Wheel lessening out of sight, and swoop again as one !
Farewell, farewell !
Farewell, farewell, farewell !

Oh, Love ! what fatal spell
Is winding winding round me to this singing ?
What hands unseen are flinging
The tightening mesh that I can feel too well ?
What viewless wings are winging
The syren music of this passing bell ?
Farewell, farewell !
Farewell, farewell, farewell !

Arouse my heart ! arouse !
This is the sea : I strike these wooden walls :
The sailors come and go at my command :
I lift this cable with my hand :
I loose it and it falls :
Arouse ! she is not lost,
Thou art not plighted to a moonlight ghost,
But to a living spouse.
Arouse ! we only part to meet again !

Oh thou moody main,
Are thy mermaid cells a-ringing ?
Are thy mermaid sisters singing ?
The saddest shell of every cell
Ringing still, and ringing
Farewell, farewell !
To the sinking sighing singing,
To the floating flying singing,
To the deepening dying singing,
In the swell,
Farewell, farewell !
And the failing wailing ringing,
The reaming dreaming ringing
Of fainter shell in deeper cell,
To the sunken sunken singing,
Farewell, farewell !
Farewell, farewell !
Farewell, farewell !

THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

TURN, turn, for my cheeks they burn,
Turn by the dale, my Harry !
Fill pail, fill pail,
He has turned by the dale,
And there by the style waits Harry.
Fill, fill,
Fill pail, fill,
For there by the style waits Harry !
The world may go round, the world may stand still,
But I can milk and marry,
Fillpail,
I can milk and marry.

Wheugh, wheugh !
Oh, if we two
Stood down there now by the water,
I know who 'd carry me over the ford
As brave as a soldier, as proud as a lord,
Tho' I don 't live over the water.
Wheugh, wheugh ! he 's whistling thro',
He 's whistling " the farmer's daughter."
Give down, give down,
My crumpled brown !

He shall not take the road to the town,
For I'll meet him beyond the water.
Give down, give down,
My crumpled brown !
And send me to my Harry.
The folk o' towns
May have silken gowns,
But I can milk and marry,
Fillpail,
I can milk and marry.

Wheugh, wheugh ! he has whistled thro',
He has whistled thro' the water.
Fill, fill, with a will, a will,
For he's whistled thro' the water,
And he's whistling down
The way to the town,
And it's not " the farmer's daughter !"
Churr, churr ! goes the cockchafer,
The sun sets over the water,
Churr, churr ! goes the cockchafer,
I'm too late for my Harry !
And, oh, if he goes a-soldiering,
The cows they may low, the bells they may ring,
But I'll neither milk nor marry,
Fillpail,
Neither milk nor marry.

My brow beats on thy flank, Fillpail,
Give down, good wench, give down !

I know the primrose bank, Fillpail,
Between him and the town.
Give down, good wench, give down, Fillpail
And he shall not reach the town !
Strain, strain ! he's whistling again,
He's nearer by half a mile.
More, more ! Oh, never before
Were you such a weary while !
Fill, fill ! he's crossed the hill,
I can see him down by the style,
He's passed the hay, he's coming this way,
He's coming to me, my Harry !
Give silken gowns to the folk o' towns,
He's coming to me, my Harry !
There's not so grand a dame in the land,
That she walks to-night with Harry !
Come late, come soon, come sun, come moon,
Oh, I can milk and marry,
Fillpail,
I can milk and marry.

Wheugh, wheugh ! he has whistled thro',
My Harry ! my lad ! my lover !
Set the sun and fall the dew,
Heigho, merry world, what's to do
That you're smiling over and over ?
Up on the hill and down in the dale,
And along the tree-tops over the vale
Shining over and over,
Low in the grass and high on the bough,

Shining over and over,
Oh, world, have you ever a lover?
You were so dull and cold just now,
Oh, world, have you ever a lover?
I could not see a leaf on the tree,
And now I could count them, one, two, three,
Count them over and over,
Leaf from leaf like lips apart,
Like lips apart for a lover.
And the hill-side beats with my beating heart,
And the apple-tree blushes all over,
And the May bough touched me and made me start,
And the wind breathes warm like a lover.

Pull, pull! and the pail is full,
And milking's done and over.
Who would not sit here under the tree?
What a fair fair thing's a green field to see!
Brim, brim, to the rim, ah me!
I have set my pail on the daisies!
It seems so light—can the sun be set?
The dews must be heavy, my cheeks are wet,
I could cry to have hurt the daisies!
Harry is near, Harry is near,
My heart's as sick as if he were here,
My lips are burning, my cheeks are wet,
He hasn't uttered a word as yet,
But the air's astir with his praises
My Harry!
The air's astir with your praises.

He has scaled the rock by the pixy's stone,
He 's among the kingcups—he picks me one,
I love the grass that I tread upon
When I go to my Harry !
He has jumped the brook, he has climbed the knowe,
There 's never a faster foot I know,
But still he seems to tarry.
Oh, Harry ! oh, Harry ! my love, my pride,
My heart is leaping, my arms are wide !
Roll up, roll up, you dull hill-side,
Roll up, and bring my Harry !
They may talk of glory over the sea,
But Harry's alive, and Harry's for me,
My love, my lad, my Harry !
Come spring, come winter, come sun, come snow,
What cares Dolly, whether or no,
While I can milk and marry ?
Right or wrong, and wrong or right,
Quarrel who quarrel, and fight who fight,
But I'll bring my pail home every night
To love, and home, and Harry !
We'll drink our can, we'll eat our cake,
There 's beer in the barrel, there 's bread in the bake,
The world may sleep, the world may wake,
But I shall milk and marry,
And marry,
I shall milk and marry.

THE GERMAN LEGION.

In the cot beside the water,
In the white cot by the water,
The white cot by the white water,
There they laid the German maid.

There they wound her, singing round her,
Deftly wound her, singing round her,
Softly wound her, singing round her,
In a shroud like a cloud.

And they decked her as they wound her,
With a wreath of leaves they bound her,
Lornest leaves they scattered round her,
Singing grief with every leaf.

Singing grief with every leaf,
Sadder grief with sadder leaf,
Sweeter leaf with sweeter grief,
So 't was sung in a dark tongue.

Like a latter lily lying,
O'er whom falling leaves are sighing,
And Autumn vapours crying,
Pale and cold on misty mould,

So I saw her sweet and lowly,
Shining shining pale and holy,
Thro' the dim woe slowly slowly,
Said and sung in that dark tongue.

Such an awe her beauty lent her,
While they sang I dared not enter
That charmed ring where she was centre,
But I stood with stirring blood

Till the song fell like a billow,
And I saw them leave her pillow,
And go forth to the far willow,
For the wreath of virgin death.

And I stood beside her pillow,
While they plucked the distant willow,
And my heart rose like a billow
As I said to the pale dead—

“ Oh, thou most fair and sweet virginity,
Of whom this heart that beats for thee doth know
Nor name nor story, that these limbs can be
For no man evermore, that thou must go
Cold to the cold, and that no eye shall see
That which thine unsolved womanhood doth owe
Of the incommunicable mystery
Shakes me with tears. I could kneel down by thee,
And o'er thy chill unmarriageable rest
Cry, ‘ Thou who shalt no more at all be prest

To any heart, one moment come to this !
And feel me weeping with thy want of bliss,
And all the unpraised beauties of thy breast—
Thy breast which never shall a lover kiss ! ' "

Then I slowly left her pillow,
For they came back with the willow,
And my heart sinks as a billow
Doth implore towards the shore,

As I see the crown they weave her,
And I know that I must leave her,
And I feel that I could grieve her
Sad and sore for evermore.

And again they sang around her,
In a richer robe they wound her,
With the willow wreath they bound her,
And the loud song like a cloud

Of golden obscuration,
With the strange tongue of her nation,
Filled the house of lamentation,
Till she lay in melody,

Like a latter lily lying,
O'er whom falling leaves are sighing,
And the autumn vapours crying,
In a dream of evening gleam.

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And I saw her sweet and lowly,
Shining shining pale and holy,
Thro' the dim woe slowly slowly
Said and sung in a dark tongue.

In the cot beside the water,
The white cot by the white water,
English cot by English water
That shall see the German sea.

A HEALTH TO THE QUEEN.

WHILE the thistle bears
Spears,
And the shamrock is green,
And the English rose
Blows,
A health to the Queen !
A health to the Queen, a health to the Queen !
Fill high, boys, drain dry, boys,
A health to the Queen !

The thistle bears spears round its blossom,
Round its blossom the shamrock is green,
The rose grows and glows round the rose in its bosom,
We stand sword in hand round the Queen !
Our glory is green round the Queen !
We close round the rose, round the Queen !
The Queen, boys, the Queen ! a health to the Queen !
Fill high, boys, drain dry, boys,
A health to the Queen !

Last post I'd a note from that old aunt of mine,
'T was meant for a hook, but she called it a line ;
She says, I don't know why we're going to fight,
She's sure I don't know—and I'm sure she's quite right ;

She swears I have n't looked at one sole protocol ;
Tantara ! tantara ! I have n't, 'pon my soul !
'Soho, blow trumpeter,
Trumpeter, trumpeter !
Soho, blow trumpeter, onward 's the cry !
Fall, tyrants, fall—the devil care why !
A health to the Queen ; a health to the Queen !
Fill high boys, drain dry, boys,
A health to the Queen !

My granny came down—"pour vous voir, mon barbare,"
Shé brought in her pocket a map—du Tartare—
Drawn up, so she vowed, " par un homme ah ! si bon !"
With a plan for campaigning old Hal, en haut ton.
With here you may trick him, and here you may prick him,
And here—if you do it en roi—you may lick him,
But there he is sacred, and yonder—Oh, la !
He 's as dear a sweet soul as your late grandpapa !
Soho, blow trumpeter,
Trumpeter, trumpeter !
Blow the charge, trumpeter, blare, boy, blare !
Fall, tyrants, fall—the devil care where !
A health to the Queen, a health to the Queen !
Fill high, boys, drain dry, boys,
A health to the Queen !

My cousin, the Yankee, last night did his best
To prove " the Czar—bless you 's—no worse than the rest."
We wheeled the decanters out on to the lawn,
And he argued—and spat—in a circle till dawn.

Quoth I, "If the game's half as thick as you say,
The more need for hounds, lad! Hunt's up! Harkaway!"
Soho, blow trumpeter!
Trumpeter, trumpeter!
Tally ho, trumpeter, over the ditch—
Over the ditch, boys, the broad ditch at Dover!
Hands slack, boys, heels back, boys,
Yohoicks! we're well over!
Soho, blow trumpeter! blow us to cover!
Blow, boy, blow,
Berlin, or Moscow,
Schœnbrun, or Rome,
So Reynard's at home,
The devil care which!
Hark, Evans! hark, Campbell! hark, Cathcart!—Halloo!
Heyday, harkaway! good men and true!
Harkaway to the brook,
You won't land in clover!
Leap and look!
High and dry!
Tantivy, full cry!
Full cry up the hill!
Hurrah, and it's over!
A burst and a kill.
While the thistle bears
Spears,
And the shamrock is green,
And the English rose
Blows,
A health to the Queen!

A health to the Queen, a health to the Queen !

Fill high, boys, drain dry, boys,

A health to the Queen !

The Queen, boys, the Queen ! the Queen, boys, the Queen !

Full cry, high and dry, boys,

A health to the Queen !

WOE IS ME.

FAR in the cradling sky,
Dawn opes his baby eye,
Then I awake and cry,
Woe is me !

Morn, the young hunter gay,
Chases the shadows gray,
Then I go forth and say,
Woe is me !

Noon ! drunk with oil and wine,
Tho' not a grief is thine,
Yet shalt thou shake with mine !
Woe is me !

Eve kneeleth sad and calm,
Bearing the martyr's palm ;
I shriek above her psalm,
Woe is me !

Night, hid in her black hair
From eyes she cannot dare,
Lies loud with fierce despair ;
Then I sit silent where
She cries from her dark lair
Woe is me !

THE YOUNG MAN'S SONG.

At last the curse has run its date !
The heavens grow clear above,
And on the purple plains of Hate,
We'll build the throne of Love !

One great heroic reign divine,
Shall mock the elysian isles,
And Love in arms shall only shine
Less fair than Love in smiles !

Old Clio burn thine ancient scroll,
The scroll of Rome and Greece !
Our war shall be a parable
On all the texts of peace,

And saints look down, with eyes of praise,
Where on our modern field
The new Samaritan forelays
The wrongs that other healed !

What virtue is beyond our prize ?
What deed beneath yon sun
More Godlike than the prodigies
We mortal men have done ?

We wearied of the lagging steed,
The dove had not a quill
To fledge the imaginable speed
Of our wild shaft of will;

“ Ah, could each word be winged with wind,
And speech be swift as sight ! ”
We cursed the long arms of that blind
Dumb herald on the height,

Dark struggling with a mystery
He daily hid in shades,
As a ghost steams up on the eye,
Begins a Fate and fades.

“ If, like a man, dull space could hear !
If, like a man, obey ! ”
We seized this earthly hemisphere,
This senseless skull of clay.

We drew from Heaven a breath of flame,
And thro' the lifeless whole
Did breathe it till the orb became
One brain of burning soul.

As he o'er whom a tyrant reigns,
It waits our sovran word,
And thinks along the living veins
The lightnings of its lord !

What Force can meet our matchless might?

What Power is not our slave?

We bound the angel of the light,

We scourged him in a cave.

And when we saw the prisoner pine

For his immortal land,

We wrung a ransom, half divine,

From that celestial hand

Whose skill the heavy chain subdued,

And all a captive's woe

Did tame to such a tempered good

As mortal eyes can know.

Who comes, who comes, o'er mountains laid,

Vales lifted, straightened ways?

'Tis he! the mightier horse we made

To serve our nobler days!

But now, unheard, I saw afar

His cloud of windy mane,

Now, level as a blazing star,

He thunders thro' the plain!

The life he needs, the food he loves,

This cold earth bears no more;

He fodders on the eternal groves

That heard the dragons roar,

Strong with the feast he roars and runs,
And, in his maw unfurled,
Evolves the folded fires of suns
That lit a grander world!

Yon bird, the swiftest in the sky,
Before him sprang, but he
Has passed her as a wind goes by
A struggler in the sea.

With forward beak and forward blows,
She slides back from his side;
While ever as the monster goes,
With needless power and pride,

Disdainful from his fiery jaws
He snorts his vital heat,
And, easy as his shadow, draws,
Long-drawn, the living street.

He's gone! Methinks that over him,
Like Curtius in the abyss,
I see great gulphs close rim to rim,
And Past and Future kiss!

Oh, Man! as from the flood sublime
Some alp rose calm and slow,
So from the exhaling floods of time
I see thy stature grow.

Long since thy royal brow, uncrowned,
Allegiant nature saw,
Long since thine eye of empire frowned
The heavenly thrones to awe;

And now the monarch's breast apart
Divides the sinking spray,
Fit dome for such gigantic heart
As warms so vast a sway.

Far o'er the watery wilds I see
Thy great right-arm upsurge,
Thy right-hand, armed with victory,
Is sunburst on the verge !

Arise, arise ! oh, sword ! and sweep
One universal morn !
Another throe, thou labouring Deep,
And all the god is born !

So sang a youth of glorious blood.
Below, the wind-hawk shook her wings,
And lower, in its kingdom, stood
A tower of ancient kings.

Above, the autumn sky was blue,
Far round the golden world was fair,
And, gun by gun, the ramparts blew
A battle on the air.

DEAD-MAID'S-POOL.

OH water, water—water deep and still,
In this hollow of the hill,
Thou helenge well o'er which the long reeds lean,
Here a stream and there a stream,
And thou so still, between,
Thro' thy coloured dream,
Thro' the drownèd face
Of this lone leafy place,
Down, down, so deep and chill,
I see the pebbles gleam !

Ash-tree, ash-tree,
Bending o'er the well,
Why there thou bendest,
Kind hearts can tell.
'Tis that the pool is deep,
'Tis that—a single leap,
And the pool closes :
And in the solitude
Of this wild mountain wood,
None, none, would hear her cry,
From this bank where she stood
To that peak in the sky
Where the cloud dozes.

Ash-tree, ash-tree,
That art so sweet and good,
If any creeping thing
Among the summer games in the wild roses
Fall from its airy swing,
(While all its pigmy kind
Watch from some imminent rose-leaf half uncurled)—
I know thou hast it full in mind
(While yet the drowning minim lives,
And blots the shining water where it strives),
To touch it with a finger soft and kind,
As when the gentle sun, ere day is hot,
Feels for a little shadow in a grot,
And gives it to the shades behind the world.

And oh! if some poor fool
Should seek the fatal pool,
Thine arms—ah, yes! I know
For this thou watchest days, and months, and years,
For this dost bend beside
The lone and lorn well-side,
The guardian angel of the doom below,
Content if, once an age, thy helping hand
May lift repentant madness to the land:
Content to hear the cry
Of living love from lips that would have died:
To seem awhile endowed
With all thy limbs did save,
And in that voice they drew out of the grave,
To feel thy dumb desire for once released aloud,

And all thy muffled century
Repaid in one wild hour of sobs, and smiles, and tears.

Aye, aye, I envy thee,
Pitiful ash-tree!

Water, water—water deep and still,
In the hollow of the hill,
Water, water, well I wot,
Thro' the weary hours,
Well I wot thee lying there,
As fair as false, as false as fair.
The crows they fly o'er,
The small birds flit about,
The stream it ripples in, the stream it ripples out,
But what eye ever knew
A rinkle wimple thee?
And what eye shall see
A rinkle wimple thee
Evermore?
Thro' thy gauds and mocks,
All thy thin enchantment thro'—
The green delusion of thy bowers,
The cold flush of thy feigned flowers,
All the treacherous state
Of fair things small and great,
That are and are not,
Well I wot thee shining there,
As fair as false, as false as fair.
Thro' the liquid rocks,

Thro' the watery trees,
Thro' the grass that never grew,
Thro' a face God never made,
Thro' the frequent gain and loss
Of the cold cold shine and shade,
Thro' the subtle fern and moss,
Thro' the humless, hiveless bees,
Round the ghosts of buds asleep,
Thro' the disembodied rose,
Waving, waving in the deep,
Where never wind blows,
I look down, and see far down,
In clear depths that do nothing hide,
Green in green, and brown in brown,
The long fish turn and glide!

Ash-tree, ash-tree,
Bending o'er the water—
Ash-tree, ash-tree,
Hadst thou a daughter?

Ash-tree, ash-tree, let me draw near,
Ash-tree, ash-tree, a word in thine ear!

Thou art wizen and white, ash-tree ;
Other trees have gone on,
Have gathered and grown,
Have bourgeoned and borne :
Thou hast wasted and worn.

Thy knots are all eyes ;
Every knot a dumb eye,
That has seen a sight
And heard a cry.

Thy leaves are dry :
The summer has not gone by,
But they 're withered and dead,
Like locks round a head
That is bald with a secret sin,
That is scorched by a hell within.

Thy skin
Is withered and wan,
Like a guilty man :
It was thin,
Aye, silken and thin,
It is houghed
And ploughed,
Like a murderer's skin.

Thou hast no shoots nor wands,
All thy arms turn to the deep,
All thy twigs are crooked,
Twined and twisted,
Fingered and fisted,
Like one who had looked
On wringing hands
'Till his hands were wrung in his sleep.

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Pardon my doubt of thee,
What is this
In the very groove
Of thy right arm ?
There is not a snake
So yellow and red,
There is not a toad
So sappy and dread !
It doth not move,
It doth not hiss—
Ash-tree—for God's sake—
Hast thou known
What hath not been said,
And the summer sun
Cannot keep it warm,
And the living wood
Cannot shut it down !
And it grows out of thee,
And will be told,
Bloody as blood,
And yellow as gold !

Ash-tree, ash-tree,
That once wert so green !
Ash-tree, ash-tree !
What hast thou seen ?
Was I a mother—nay or aye ?
Am I childless—aye nor nay ?
Ash-tree, ash-tree,
Bending o'er the water !

Ash-tree, ash-tree,
Give me my daughter !
Curse the water,
Curse thee,
Ash-tree,
Bending o'er the water !
Leaf on the tree,
Flower on the stem,
Curse thee,
And curse them !
Trunk and shoot,
Herb and weed,
Bud and fruit,
Blossom and seed,
Above and below,
About and about,
Inside and out,
Grown and to grow,
Curse you all,
Great and small,
That cannot give back my daughter !

But if there were any,
Among so many,
Any small thing that did lie sweet for her,
Any newt or marish-worm that, shrinking
Under the pillow of the water weed,
Left her a cleaner bed,
Any least leaves that fell with little plashes,
And sinking, sinking,

Sank soft and slow, and settled on her lashes,
And did what was so meet for her,
Them I do not curse.

See, see up the glen,
The evening sun agen !
It falls upon the water,
It falls upon the grass,
Thro' the birches, thro' the firs,
Thro' the alders, catching gold,
Thro' the bracken and the briar,
Goes the evening fire
To the bush-linnet's nest.

There between us and the west,
Dost thou see the angels pass ?
Thro' the air, with streaming hair,
The golden angels pass ?
Hold, hold ! for mercy, hold !
I know thee ! ah, I know thee !
I know thou wilt not pass me so—
The gray old woman is ready to go.
Call me to thee, call me to thee,
My daughter ! oh, my daughter !

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

THIS morn I lay a-dreaming,
This morn, this merry morn,
When the cock crew shrill from over the hill,
I heard a bugle horn.

And thro' the dream I was dreaming,
There sighed the sigh of the sea,
And thro' the dream I was dreaming,
This voice came singing to me.

“ High over the breakers,
Low under the lee,
Sing ho
The billow,
And the lash of the rolling sea !

“ Boat, boat, to the billow,
Boat, boat, to the lee !
Love on thy pillow,
Art thou dreaming of me ?

“ Billow, billow, breaking,
Land us low on the lee !
For sleeping or waking,
Sweet love, I am coming to thee !

“ High, high, o'er the breakers,
Low, low, on the lee,
Sing ho !
The billow
That brings me back to thee !”

THE WIDOW'S LULLABY.

SHE droops like a dew-dropping lily,
" Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!
Whisht whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee boy, Willie!"

The sun comes up from the lea,
As he who will never come more
Came up that first day to her door,
When the ship furled her sails by the shore,
And the spring leaves were green on the tree.

But she droops like a dew-dropping lily,
" Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!
Whisht whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie!"

The sun goes down in the sea,
As he who will never go more
Went down that last day from her door,
When the ship set her sails from the shore,
And the dead leaves were sere on the tree.

But she droops like a dew-dropping lily,
" Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie !
Whisht whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie !"

The year comes glad o'er the lea,
As he who will never come more,
Never, ah never !
Came up that first day to her door,
When the ship furled her sails by the shore,
And the spring leaves were green on the tree.
Never, ah never !
He who will come again, never !

But she droops like a dew-dropping lily,
" Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie !
Whisht whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie !"

The year goes sad to the sea,
As he who will never go more
For ever went down from her door,
Ever, for ever !
When the ship set her sails by the shore,
And the dead leaves were sere on the tree.
Ever, for ever !
For ever went down from her door.

But she droops like a dew-dropping lily,
" Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie !
Whisht whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie !"

A gun, and a flash, and a gun,
The ship lies again where she lay !
High and low, low and high, in the sun,
There's a boat, a boat on the bay !
High and low, low and high, in the sun,
All as she saw it that day,
When he came who shall never come more,
And the ship furled her sails by the shore.

But she droops like a dew-dropping lily,
" Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie !
Whisht whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie !"

All as she saw it that day,
With a gun, and a flash, and a gun,
The ship lies again where she lay,
And they run, and they ride, and they run,
Merry, merry, merry, down the merry highway,
To the boat, high and low in the sun.
Nearer and nearer she hears the rolling drum,
Clearer and clearer she hears the cry, " They come,"
Far and near runs the cheer to her ear once so dear,
Merry, merry, merry, up the merry highway,
As it ran when he came that day
And said, " Wilt thou be my dearie ?
Oh, wilt thou be my dearie ?
My boat is dry in the bay,
And I'll love till thou be weary !"

And she could not say him nay,
For his bonny eyes o' blue,
And never was true-love so true,
To never so kind a dearie,
As he who will never love more,
When the ship furls her sails by the shore.

Then she shakes like a wind-stricken lily,
"Whisht thee, boy, whisht thee, boy Willie!
Whisht whisht o' thy wailing, whisht thee, boy Willie!"

THE GABERLUNZIE'S WALK.

THE Laird is dead, the laird is dead,
An' dead is cousin John,
His henchmen ten, an' his sax merrie men,
Forbye the steward's son.

An' his ain guid gray that he strode sae gay
When hunt was up an' on,
An' the win' blew fair, an' the grews pu'd sair,
An' dawn was on Maol-don,
An' the skeigh steeds neigh'd, an' the slot-hounds bay'd,
An' up gaed the mornin' sun,
An' awa' gaed the deer wi' the merrie men's cheer,
Awa' owre the auld Maol-don,
An' awa' wi' a shout ran the rabble an' the rout,
An' awa' rode cousin John,
Wi' his horn, his horn, thro' the merry merry morn,
His hunter's horn sae shrill !
An' 't was " Ho, heigho, hereawa',
Hereawa', hereawa' !
Ho, heigho, hereawa' !"
A' roun' the hill !

Walie ! walie ! they 're a' gane dead,
A' owre the seas an' awa'
The laird an' his men, the sax an' the ten,
They gaed to fight an' to fa'.

An' walie, an' wae, an' hech ! the weary day !
The laird is dead an' a' !

A' in ae grave by the margent o' the wave
Thegither they lay down,
Sax feet deep, where dead men sleep,
A' i' the faeman's grun'.

Foremost i' the van, wi' his bagpipes i' his han',
The steward's ae braw son,
An' next the young laird—gin the guid Lord had spared !—
A' as he led them on,
Wi' his bonnie brow bare an' his lang fair hair,
An' his bluidy braid-sword drawn ;
An' hard by his chief, that in life was sae lief,
In death cam cousin John,
Wi' his horn, his horn, thro' the merry merry morn,
His hunter's horn sae shrill
When 't was " Ho, heigho, hereawa',
Hereawa', hereawa' !
Ho, heigho, hereawa' ! "
A' roun' the hill !

Gin ony uphauld the young Laird lies cauld,
An' cauld lies cousin John,
Sax feet deep, as dead men sleep,
A' i' the faeman's grun',
A' in ae grave by the margent o' the wave,
Where down they lay that day,
Wi' the henchmen ten, an' the sax merrie men,
Ask the gaberlunzie gray.

Step an' step, step an' step, gaed the gaberlunzie gray,
Faint an' lame, wi' empty wame, he hirples on his way.
Step an' step, step an' step, an' owre the hill maun he,
His head is bent, his pipe is brent, he has na a bawbee.
Step an' step, step an' step, he totters thro' the mirk,
He hears the fox amang the cocks, the houlet by the kirk.
Step an' step, step an' step, an' as he climbs the hill
The auld auld moon is gaun down; the nicht grows cauld
 an' still,
The breathin' kye aroun' him lie, the ingle-light is gane,
He wakes the yowes amang the knowes, an' still he gangs
 his lane.
His slow steps rouse the blethrin' grouse, the peewit fa's an'
 squeals,
The nicht-goat bleats amang the peats, an' still he speils an'
 speils,
Step an' step, step an' step, an' up the craigie stark,
An' mony a stane ane after ane gangs snirtlin' doun the dark.
Step an' step, step an' step, that gaberlunzie gray,
A' win's seem tint far far ahint as he gangs on his way.
He hears the burn amang the fern, he hears the stoatie cheep,
He hears the rustle, an' flit an' fussle, as the kae shifts her
 roost in her sleep.
Step an' step, step an' step, he gangs wi' troubled breath,
He feels the silence a' aboon, he feels the warl' beneath;
Wheet an' wheet about his feet the startit mousie ran,
An' as he gaes his riskin' claes aye gar him start an' stan';
An' as he stan's wi' knotted han's, an' leans his chitterin' head,
He hears the sod his steps have trod a-tirlin' to his tread;
An' crisp foot-fa', an' sibblin' sma' o' stealthy cony crappin',

An' click o' bat aboon his hat, like fairy fingers snappin',
An' ilka yird that ticked an' stirred, where swairdie there is nae,
As elfin shoos the tittlin' mools gar'd rinkle down the brae;
An' safter soun' along the groun' the grass-taps thro' an' thro',
Gin owre the fiel's the wee bit chiel's were dealin' out the dew.
Step an' step, step an' step, an' hech ! his freezin' bluid !
He gaes into the silence as ane gaes into a wood.
The mair the height, mair still the nicht, an' faster did he gang,
Step an' step, an' then a step, an' he listens hard an' lang !
He listens twice, he listens thrice, but why he disna ken;
His cauld skin skeared, an' clipped his beard; he stops an'
lists agen.

There's somethin' creepin' thro' his banes, there's somethin'
stirs his hair :

'Tis mair than use, he canna choose, he listens ten times mair !
He pits his pack fra his auld back, he sits him on a stane,
His eyelids fa', he gapes his jaw, an' harks wi' might an' main,
The mair he list the mair uprist his gray-locks wi' affright,
Till ilka hair that he might wear was stiff an' stark upright.
His sick heart stops, the low moon drops, the nicht is eerie chill !
Wi' sudden shout the dead cry out, like hunters at a kill,
Full cry, full cry, the win's sweep by, a horn a horn is shrill !
An' 't is " Ho, heigho, hereawa',
Hereawa', hereawa' !
Ho, heigho, hereawa' !"
A' roun' the hill !

LIBERTY TO M. LE DIPLOMATE.

THOU fool who treatest with the sword, and not
With the strong arm that wields it! Thou insane
Who seest the dew-drops on the lion's mane,
But dost forget the lion! Oh thou sot,
Hugging thy drunken dream! Thou idiot
Who makest a covenant against the rain
With autumn leaves! Thou atheist who dost chain
This miserable body that can rot,
And thinkest it Me! Fool! for the swordless arm
Shall strike thee dead. Madman, the lion wakes,
And with one shake is dry. Sot, the day breaks
Shall sober even thee. Idiot, one storm
And thou art bare. Atheist, the corse is thine,
But lo, the unfettered soul immortal and divine!

AN EVENING DREAM.

I'm leaning where you loved to lean in eventides of old,
The sun has sunk an hour ago behind the treeless wold,
In this old oriel that we loved how oft I sit forlorn,
Gazing, gazing, up the vale of green and waving corn.
The summer corn is in the ear, thou knowest what I see
Up the long wide valley, and from seldom tree to tree,
The serried corn, the serried corn, the green and serried corn,
From the golden morn till night, from the moony night till morn.
I love it, morning, noon, and night, in sunshine and in rain,
For being here it seems to say, "The lost come back again."
And being here as green and fair as those old fields we knew,
It says, "The lost when they come back, come back unchanged
and true."

But more than at the shout of morn, or in the sleep of noon,
Smiling with a smiling star, or wan beneath a wasted moon,
I love it, soldier brother! at this weird dim hour, for then
The serried ears are swords and spears, and the fields are
fields of men.

Rank on rank in faultless phalanx stern and still I can discern,
Phalanx after faultless phalanx in dumb armies still and stern;
Army on army, host on host, till the bannered nations stand,
As the dead may stand for judgment silent on the o'er-peopled
land.

Not a bayonet stirs: down sinks the awful twilight, dern and
dun,

On an age that waits its leader, on a world that waits the sun.

Then your dog—I know his voice—cries from out the court-yard nigh,

And my love too well interprets all that long and mournful cry!
In my passion that thou art not, lo! I see thee as thou art,
And the pitying fancy brings thee to assuage the anguished heart.

“Oh my brother!” and my bosom’s throb of welcome at the word,

Claps a hundred thousand hands, and all my legions hail thee lord.

And the vast unmotioned myriads, front to front, as at a breath,
Live and move to martial music, down the devious dance of death.

Ah, thou smilest, scornful brother, at a maiden’s dream of war!
And thou shakest back thy locks as if—a glow-worm for thy star—

I dubbed thee with a blade of grass, by earthlight, in a fairy ring,

Knight o’ the garter o’ Queen Mab, or lord in waiting to her king.

Brother, in thy plumèd pride of tented field and turretted tower,
Smiling brother, scornful brother, darest thou watch with me one hour?

Even now some fate is near, for I shake and know not why,
And a wider sight is orbiting, orbiting, on my moistened eye,
And I feel a thousand flutterings round my soul’s still vacant field,

Like the ravens and the vultures o’er a carnage yet unkill’d.
Hist! I see the stir of glamour far upon the twilight wold,
Hist! I see the vision rising! List! and as I speak behold!

F

These dull mists are mists of morning, and behind yon eastern hill,

The hot sun abides my bidding: he shall melt them when I will.
All the night that now is past, the foe hath laboured for the day,
Creeping thro' the stealthy dark, like a tiger to his prey.
Throw this window wider! Strain thine eyes along the dusky vale!

Art thou cold with horror? Has thy bearded cheek grown pale?
'T is the total Russian host, flooding up the solemn plain,
Secret as a silent sea, mighty as a moving main!

Oh, my country! is there none to rouse thee to the rolling sight?

Oh thou gallant sentinel who hast watched so oft so well, must thou sleep this only night?

So hath the shepherd lain on a rock above a plain,
Nor beheld the flood that swelled from some embowelled mount of woe,

Waveless, foamless, sure and slow,

Silent o'er the vale below,

Till nigher still and nigher comes the seeth of fields on fire,
And the thrash of falling trees, and the steam of rivers dry,
And before the burning flood the wild things of the wood
Skulk and scream, and fight, and fall, and flee, and fly.

A gun! and then a gun! 'T the far and early sun

Dost thou see by yonder tree a fleeting redness rise,
As if, one after one, ten poppies red had blown,
And shed in a blinking of the eyes?

They have started from their rest with a bayonet at each breast,
Those watchers of the west who shall never watch again!

'Tis nought to die, but oh, God's pity on the woe
Of dying hearts that know they die in vain !
Beyond yon backward height that meets their dying sight,
A thousand tents are white, and a slumbering army lies.
"Brown Bess," the sergeant cries, as he loads her while he dies,
"Let this devil's deluge reach them, and the good old cause is
lost."
He dies upon the word, but his signal gun is heard,
Yon ambush green is stirred, yon laboring leaves are tost,
And a sudden sabre waves, and like dead from opened graves,
A hundred men stand up to meet a host.
Dumb as death, with bated breath,
Calm upstand that fearless band,
And the dear old native land, like a dream of sudden sleep,
Passes by each manly eye that is fixed so stern and dry
On the tide of battle rolling up the steep.
They hold their silent ground, I can hear each fatal sound
Upon that summer mound which the morning sunshine
warms,
The word so brief and shrill that rules them like a will,
The sough of moving limbs, and the clank and ring of arms.
"Fire !" and round that green knoll the sudden war-clouds roll,
And from the tyrant's ranks so fierce an answering blast
Of whirling death came back that the green trees turned to black,
And dropped their leaves in winter as it passed.
A moment on each side the surging smoke is wide,
Between the fields are green, and around the hills are
loud,
But a shout breaks out, and lo ! they have rushed upon the foe,
As the living lightning leaps from cloud to cloud.

Fire and flash, smoke and crash,
The fogs of battle close o'er friends and foes, and they are gone!
Alas, thou bright-eyed boy! alas, thou mother's joy!

With thy long hair so fair, that didst so bravely lead
them on!

I faint with pain and fear. Ah, heaven! what do I hear?

A trumpet-note so near?

What are these that race like hunters at a chase?

Who are these that run a thousand men as one?

What are these that crash the trees far in the waving rear?

Fight on, thou young hero! there's help upon the way!

The light horse are coming, the great guns are coming,

The Highlanders are coming;—good God give us the day!

Hurrah for the brave and the leal! Hurrah for the strong and
the true!

Hurrah for the helmets of steel! Hurrah for the bonnets o' blue!

A run and a cheer, the Highlanders are here! a gallop and a
cheer, the light horse are here!

A rattle and a cheer, the great guns are here!

With a cheer they wheel round and face the foe!

As the troopers wheel about, their long swords are out,

With a trumpet and a shout, in they go!

Like a yawning ocean green, the huge host gulphs them in,

But high o'er the rolling of the flood,

Their sabres you may see like lights upon the sea

When the red sun is going down in blood.

Again, again, again! And the lights are on the wane!

Ah, Christ! I see them sink, light by light,

As the gleams go one by one when the great sun is down,

And the sea rocks in foam beneath the night.

Aye, the great sun is low, and the waves of battle flow
O'er his honoured head; but, oh, we mourn not he is down,
For to-morrow he shall rise to fill his country's eyes,
As he sails up the skies of renown!
Ye may yell, but ye shall groan!
Ye shall buy them bone for bone!
Now, tyrant, hold thine own! blare the trumpet, peal the drum!
From yonder hill-side dark, the storm is on you! Hark!
Swift as lightning, loud as thunder, down they come!
As on some Scottish shore, with mountains frowning o'er,
The sudden tempests roar from the glen,
And roll the tumbling sea in billows to the lee,
Came the charge of the gallant Highlandmen!
And as one beholds the sea tho' the wind he cannot see,
But by the waves that flee knows its might,
So I tracked the Highland blast by the sudden tide that past
O'er the wild and rolling vast of the fight.
Yes, glory be to God! they have stemmed the foremost flood!
I lay me on the sod and breathe again!
In the precious moments won, the bugle call has gone
To the tents where it never rang in vain,
And lo, the landscape wide is red from side to side,
And all the might of England loads the plain!
Like a hot and bloody dawn, across the horizon drawn,
While the host of darkness holds the misty vale,
As glowing and as grand our bannered legions stand,
And England's flag unfolds upon the gale!
At that great sign unfurled, as morn moves o'er the world
When God lifts His standard of light,
With a tumult and a voice, and a rushing mighty noise,
Our long line moves forward to the fight.

Clarion and clarion defying,
Sounding, resounding, replying,
Trumpets braying, pipers playing, chargers neighing,
Near and far
The to and fro storm of the never-done hurraing,
Thro' the bright weather banner and feather rising and falling,
 bugle and fife
Calling, recalling—for death or for life—
Our host moved on to the war,
While England, England, England, England, England!
Was blown from line to line near and far,
And like the morning sea, our bayonets you might see,
Come beaming, gleaming, streaming,
Streaming, gleaming, beaming,
Beaming, gleaming, streaming, to the war.
Clarion and clarion defying,
Sounding, resounding, replying,
Trumpets braying, pipers playing, chargers neighing,
Near and far
The to and fro storm of the never-done hurraing,
Thro' the bright weather, banner and feather rising and falling,
 bugle and fife
Calling, recalling—for death or for life—
Our long line moved forward to the war.

IN WAR-TIME.

A PSALM OF THE HEART.

SCOURGE us as Thou wilt, oh Lord God of Hosts ;
Deal with us, Lord, according to our transgressions ;
But give us Victory !
Victory, victory ! oh, Lord, victory !
Oh, Lord, victory ! Lord, Lord, Victory !

Lift Thy wrath up from the day of battle,
And set it on the weight of other days !
Draw Thy strength from us for many days,
So Thou be with us on the day of battle,
And give us victory.
Victory, victory ! oh, Lord, victory !
Oh, Lord, victory ! Lord, Lord, victory !

Let the strong arm be as the flag o' the river,
The withered flag that flappeth o'er the river,
When all the flood is dried out of the river ;

Let the brave heart be as a drunkard's bosom,
When the thick fume is frozen in the bosom,
And the bare sin lies shivering in the bosom ;

Let the bold eye be sick and crazed with midnight,
Strained and cracked with aching days of midnight,
Swarmed and foul with creeping shapes of midnight ;

So Thou return upon the day of battle,
So we be strong upon the day of battle,
Be drunk with Thee upon the day of battle;
So Thou shine o'er us in the day of battle,
Shine in the faces of our enemies,
Hot in the faces of our enemies,
Hot o'er the battle and the victory.
Victory, victory ! oh, Lord, victory !
Oh, Lord, victory ! Lord, Lord, victory !

Shame us not, oh Lord, before the wicked !
In our hidden places let Thy wrath
Afflict us ; in the secret of our sin
Convince us ; be the bones within our flesh
Marrowed with fire, and all the strings of life
Strung to the twang of torture ; let the stench
Of our own strength torment us ; the desire
Of our own glorious image in the sea
Consume us ; shake the darkness like a tree,
And fill the night with mischiefs,—blights and dwales,
Weevils, and rots, and cankers ! But, oh Lord,
Humble us not upon the day of battle,
Hide not Thy face upon the day of battle,
Let it shine o'er us on the day of battle,
Shine in the faces of our enemies,
Hot in the faces of our enemies,

Hot o'er the battle and the victory !
Victory, victory ! oh, Lord, victory !
Oh, Lord, victory ! Lord, Lord, victory !

Tho' Thou shouldst glorify us above measure,
Yet will we not forget that Thou art God !
Honour our land, oh Lord ! honour our land !

Be Thou her armour in the day of battle,
Whereon the sword of man shall strike in vain !
For Thou canst find the place and leave no scar,
Sting of bee, nor fairy-spot nor mole,
Yet kill the germ within the core of life.

Oh lead her in the glory of her beauty,
So that the nations wonder at her beauty !
For Thou canst take her beauty by the heart
And throw the spout of sorrow from the fountain,
The flood of sorrow thro' the veins of joy.

Let her soul look out of her eyes of glory,
Lighten, oh Lord, from awful eyes of glory !
For Thou canst touch the soul upon its throne,
The fortified soul upon its guarded throne,
Nor scorch the sweet air of the populous splendour
That comes and goes about a leprous king.

Therefore fear not to bless us, oh Lord God !
And give us victory !
Victory, victory ! oh, Lord, victory !
Oh, Lord, victory ! Lord, Lord, victory !

Sight of home, if Thou wilt ; kiss of love,
If Thou wilt ; children at the knees of peace,
If Thou wilt ; parents weeping in the door
Of welcome, if Thou wilt ; but victory,
Victory, victory ! oh, Lord, victory !
Oh, Lord, victory ! Lord, Lord, victory !

Pangs if Thou wilt, oh Lord ! Death if Thou wilt !
Labour and famine, frost and fire and storm,
Silent plague, and hurricane of battle,
The field-grave, and the wolf-grave, and the sea !
But victory, victory ! oh, Lord, victory !
Oh, Lord, victory ! Lord, Lord, victory !

Consider, Lord, the oppressions of the oppressor,
And give us victory !
The tyrant sitteth on his golden throne
In palaces of silver, to his gates
The meeting winds blow good from all the world.
Who hath undone the mountain where he locks
His treasure ? In the armoury of hell
Which engine is not his ? His name infects
The air of every zone, and to each tongue
From Hecla to the Ganges adds a word
That kills all terms of pride. His servants sit
In empires round his empire ; and outspread
As land beneath the water, oh, my God,
His kingdoms bear the half of all Thy stars !
Who hath out-told his princes ? Who hath summed
His captains ? From the number of his hosts

He should forget a nation and not lack !
Therefore, oh Lord God, give us victory

The serf is in his hut ; the unsacred sire
Who can beget no honour. Lo his mate
Dim thro' the reeking garlic—she whose womb
Doth shape his ignorant shame, and whose young slave
In some far field thickens a knouted hide
For baser generations. Their dull eyes
Are choked with feudal welfare ; their rank limbs
Steam in the sty of plenty ; their rude tongues,
That fill the belly from the common trough,
Discharge in gobbets of as gross a speech
That other maw the heart. Nor doth the boor
Refuse his owner's chattel tho' she breed
The rich man's increase, nor doth she disdain
The joyless usage of such limbs as toil
Yoked with the nobler ox, and take as mute
A beast's infliction ; at her stolid side
The girl that shall be such a thing as she,
Suckles the babe she would not, with the milk
A bondmaid owes her master. Lord, Thou seest !
Therefore, oh Lord God, give us victory !

The captive straineth at the dungeon-grate.
Behold, oh Lord, the secret of the rock,
The dungeon, and the captive, and the chain !
Tho' it be hidden under forest leaves,
Tho' it be on the mountains among clouds,
Tho' they point to it as a crag o' the hill,

And say concerning it that the wind waileth,
Thou knowest the inner secret and the sin !
I see his white face at the dungeon bars,
As snow between the bars of winter trees.
He sinketh down upon the dungeon stones,
His white face making light within the dungeon,
The clasped whiteness of his praying hands
Flickering a little light within the dungeon.
And thro' the darkness, thro' the cavern darkness,
Like to a runnel in a savage wood,
Sweet thro' the horror of the hollow dark
He sings the song of home in the strange land.

How long, oh Lord of thunder? Victory !
Lord God of vengeance, give us victory !
Victory, victory ! oh, Lord, victory !
Oh, Lord, victory ! Lord, Lord, victory !

A SHOWER IN WAR-TIME.

RAIN, rain, sweet warm rain,
On the wood and on the plain !
Rain, rain, warm and sweet,
Summer wood lush leafy and loud,
With note of a throat that ripples and rings,
Sad sole sweet from her central seat,
Bubbling and trilling,
Filling, filling, filling
The shady space of the green dim place
With an odour of melody,
Till all the noon is thrilling,
And the great wood hangs in the balmy day
Like a cloud with an angel in the cloud,
And singing because she sings !

In the sheltering wood,
At that hour I stood ;
I saw that in that hour
Great round drops, clear round drops,
Grew on every leaf and flower,
And its hue so fairly took
And faintly, that each tinted elf
Trembled with a rarer self,
Even as if its beauty shook
With passion to a tenderer look.

Rain, rain, sweet warm rain,
On the wood and on the plain !
Rain, rain, warm and sweet,
Summer wood lush leafy and loud,
With note of a throat that ripples and rings,
Sad sole sweet from her central seat,
Bubbling and trilling,
Filling, filling, filling
The shady space of the green dim place
With an odour of melody,
Till all the noon is thrilling,
And the great wood hangs in the balmy day,
Like a cloud with an angel in the cloud,
And singing because she sings !

Then out of the sweet warm weather
There came a little wind sighing, sighing :
Came to the wood sighing, and sighing went in,
Sighed thro' the green grass, and o'er the leaves brown,
Sighed to the dingle, and, sighing, lay down,
While all the flowers whispered together.
Then came swift winds after her who was flying,
Swift bright winds with a jocund din,
Sought her in vain, her bosage was so good,
And spread like baffled revellers thro' the wood.
Then, from bough, and leaf, and bell,
The great round drops, the clear round drops,
In fitful cadence drooped and fell—
Drooped and fell as if some wanton air
Were more apparent here and there,

Sphered on a favourite flower in dewy kiss,
Grew heavy with delight and dropped with bliss.

Rain, rain, sweet warm rain,
On the wood and on the plain ;
Rain, rain, still and sweet,
For the winds have hushed again,
And the nightingale is still,
Sleeping in her central seat.
Rain, rain, summer rain,
Silent as the summer heat.
Doth it fall, or doth it rise ?
Is it incense from the hill,
Or bounty from the skies ?
Or is the face of earth that lies
Languid, looking up on high,
To the face of Heaven so nigh
That their balmy breathings meet ?

Rain, rain, summer rain,
On the wood and on the plain :
Rain, rain, rain, until
The tall wet trees no more athirst,
As each chalice green doth fill,
See the pigmy nations nurst
Round their distant feet, and throw
The nectar to the herbs below.
The droughty herbs, without a sound,
Drink it ere it reach the ground.

Rain, rain, sweet warm rain,
On the wood and on the plain,
And round me like a dropping well,
The great round drops they fell and fell.

I say not War is good or ill ;
Perchance they may slay, if they will,
Who killing love, and loving kill.

I do not join yon captive's din ;
Some man among us without sin
Perhaps may rightly lock him in.

I do not grant the Tyrant's plea ;
The slaves potential to be free
Already are the Powers that be.

Whether our bloodsheds flow or cease,
I know that as the years increase,
The flower of all is human peace.

" The Flower." Vertumnus hath repute
O'er Flora ; yet methinks the fruit
But alter ego of the root ;

And that which serves our fleshly need,
Subserves the blossom that doth feed
The soul which is the life indeed.

Nor well he deems who deems the rose
Is for the roseberry, nor knows
The roseberry is for the rose.

And Autumn's garnered treasury,
But prudent Nature's guarantee
That Summer evermore shall be,

And yearly, once a year, complete
That top and culmen exquisite
Whereto the slanting seasons meet.

Whether our bloodsheds flow or cease,
I know that, as the years increase,
The flower of all is human peace.

"The flower." Yet whether shall we sow
A blossom or a seed? I know
The flower will rot, the seed will grow.

By this the rain had ceased, and I went forth
From that Dodona green of oak and beech.
But ere my steps could reach
The hamlet, I beheld along the verge
A flight of fleeing cloudlets that did urge
Unequal speed, as when a herd is driven
By the recurring pulse of shoutings loud.
I saw; but held the omen of no worth.
For by the footway not a darnel stirred,
And still the noon slept on, nor even a bird
Moved the dull air; but, at each silent hand,
Upon the steaming land
The hare lay basking, and the budded wheat
Hung slumberous heads of sleep.

Then I was 'ware that a great northern cloud
Moved slowly to the centre of the heaven.
His white head was so high
That the great blue fell round him like the wide
And ermined robe of kings. He sat in pride
Lonely and cold ; but methought when he spied
From that severe inhospitable height
The distant dear delight,
The melting world with summer at her side,
His pale brow mellowed with a mournful light,
And like a marble god he wept his stony tears.
The loyal clouds that sit about his feet,
All in their courtier kinds,
Do weep to see him weep.
After the priceless drops the sycophant winds
Leap headlong down, and chase, and swirl, and sweep
Beneath the royal grief that scarce may reach the ground.
To see their whirling zeal,
Unlikely things that in the kennel lie
Begin to wheel and wheel ;
The wild tarantula will spreads far and nigh,
And spinning straws go spiral to the sky,
And leaves long dead leap up and dance their ghastly round.
And so it happened in the street
'Neath a broad eave I stood and mused again,
And all the arrows of the driving rain
Were tipped with slanting sleet.
I mused beneath the straw pent of the bricked
And sodded cot, with damp moss mouldered o'er,
The bristled thatch gleamed with a carcanet,

And from the inner eaves the reeking wet
Dripped ; dropping more
And more, as more the sappy roof was sapped,
And wept a mirkier wash that splashed and clapped
The plain-stones, dribbling to the flooded door.
A plopping pool of droppings stood before,
Worn by a weeping age in rock of easy grain.
O'erhead, hard by, a pointed beam o'erlapped,
And from its jewelled tip
The slipping slipping drip
Did whip the fillipped pool whose hopping plashes ticked.

Let one or thousands loose or bind,
That land 's enslaved whose sovran mind
Collides the conscience of mankind.

And free—whoever holds the rood—
Where Might in Right, and Power in Good,
Flow each in each, like life in blood.

The age has broken from his kings !
Stop him ! Behold his feet have wings,
Upon his back the hero springs.

Tho' Jack's horse run away with Jack,
Who knows, while Jack keeps on his back,
If Jack rule him or he rule Jack ?

Cuckoo takes the mud away !
True the sun doth shine all day ;
Cuckoo takes the mud away.

Who sneers at heirloom rank ? God knows
Each man that lives, each flower that blows.
There may be lords—and a blue rose.

Even to the sod whereon you prate
This land is ours. Do you debate
How we shall manage our estate ?

Norman, War granted you your lease :
The very countersign of Peace
Shows the first Lessor can release.

Therefore altho' you cannot guide,
Be wise ; and spare the almighty pride
Of that mild monster that you ride.

If England's head and heart were one,
Where is that good beneath the sun
Her noble hands should leave undone !

Small unit, hast thou hardiness
To bid mankind to battle ? Yes.
The worm will rout them, and is less.

The world assaults ? Nor fight nor fly.
Stand in some steadfast truth, and eye
The stubborn siege grow old and die.

My army is mankind. My foe
The very meanest truth I know.
Shall I come back a conqueror ? No.

Wouldst light? See Phosphor shines confest,
Turn thy broad back upon the west ;
Stand firm. The world will do the rest.

Stand firm. Unless thy strength can climb
Yon alp, and from that height sublime
See, ere we see, the advancing time.

Act for to-day? Friend, this "to-day"
Washed Adam's feet and streams away
Far into yon eternity.

Build as men steer, by chart and pole ;
Care for each stone as each were sole,
Yet lay it conscious of the whole.

Sow with the signs. The wise man heeds
The seasons. Capricornus feeds
Upon the sluggard's winter seeds.

Each enterprise, or small or great,
Hath its own touchhole ; watch and wait,
Find that and fire the loaded fate.

Do in few acts whate'er thou dost ;
Let thy foe play to his own cost,
Who moves the oftenest errs the most.

Choose arms from Nature's armouries,
Plagues, conflagrations, storms and seas,
For God is surety for all these.

Our town is threatened by a bear,
We've manned the thresholds far and near,
Fools! send five men to kill the bear.

Do good to him that hates thee. Good,
Still good. By physic or by food?
By letting or by stanching blood?

Do as thou wouldst be done by. See
What it were well he did to thee,
He pure as thou, thou foul as he.

Lovest thou not Peace? Aye, moralist,
Both Peace and thee. Yet well I wist
They who shut Janus did slay Christ.

IN WAR TIME.

A PRAYER OF THE UNDERSTANDING.

Lo, this is night. Hast thou, oh sun, refused
Thy countenance, or is thy golden arm
Shortened, or from thy shining place in heaven
Art thou put down and lost? Neither hast thou
Refused thy constant face, nor is thine arm
Shortened, nor from thy principality
Art thou deposed, oh sun. Ours, ours, the sin,
The sorrow. From thy steadfast noon we turned
Into the eastern shade—and this is night.

Yet so revolves the axle of the world,
And by that brief aversion wheels us round
To morn, and rolls us on the larger paths
Of annual duty. Thou observant moon,
That dancest round the seasonable earth
As David round the ark, but half thy ring
Is process, yet, complete, the circular whole
Promotes thee, and expedes thy right advance,
And all thy great desire of summer signs.

And thou, oh sun, our centre, who thyself
Art satellite, and, conscious of the far

Archelion, in obedience of free will
And native duty, as the good man walks
Among the children's faces, with thine house
About thee, least and greatest, first and last,
Makest of the blue eternal holiday
Thy glad perambulation ; and thou, far
Archelion, feudatory still, of one
Not sovran nor in fee of paramount power ;
Moons round your worlds, worlds round your suns, suns
round

Such satraps as in orderly degree
Confess a lordlier regent and pervade
A vaster cycle—ye, so moved, commoved,
Revolving and convolving, turn the heavens
Upon the pivot of that summary star,
Centre of all we know : and thou, oh star,
Centre of all we know, chief crown of crowns,
Who art the one in all, the all in one,
And seest the ordered whole—nought uninvolved
But all involved to one direct result
Of multi-form volution—in one pomp
One power, one tune, one time, upon one path
Move with thee moving, Thou, amid thy host
Marchest—ah whither ?

Oh God, before Whom
We marshal thus Thy legioned works to take
The secret of Thy counsel, and array
Congress and progress, and, with multitude
As conquerors and to conquer, in consent
Of universal law, approach Thy bound,

Thine immemorial bound, and at Thy face
Heaven and earth flee away ; oh Thou Lord God,
Whether, oh absolute existence, Thou
The Maker, makest, and this fair we see
Be but the mote and dust of that unseen
Unsought unsearchable ; or whether Thou
Whose goings forth are from of old, around
Thy going in mere effluence without care
Breathest creation out into the cold
Beyond Thee, and, within Thine ambient breath,
So walkest everlasting as we walk
The unportioned snows ; or whether, meditating
Eternity, self-centred, self-fulfilled,
Self-continent, Thou thinkest and we live,
A little while forgettest and we fade,
Rememberest and we are, and this bright vision
Wherein we move, nay all our total sum
And story, be to Thee as to a man
When in the drop and rising of a lid
Lo the swift rack and fashion of a dream,
No more ; oh Thou inscrutable, whose ways
Are not as ours, whose form we know not, voice
Hear not, true work behold not, mystery
Conceive not, who—as thunder shakes the world
And rings a silver bell—hast sometime moved
The tongue of man, but in Thy proper speech
Wearest a human language on a word
As limpets on a rock, who, as Eternal,
Omnipotent, Infinite, Allwise,
In measure of Thine operation hast

No prime or term, in subject as in scheme
No final end, in idol as in act
Nought but the perfect God ; oh Thou Supreme,
Inaudible, Invisible, Unknown,
Thy will be done.

A HERO'S GRAVE.

O'ER our evening fire the smoke is like a pall,
And funeral banners hang about the arches of the hall,
In the gable end I see a catafalque aloof,
And night is drawn up like a curtain to the girders of the roof.

Thou knowest why we silent sit, and why our eyes are dim,
Sing us such proud sorrow as we may hear for him.

Reach me the old harp that hangs between the flags he won,
I will sing what once I heard beside the grave of such a son.

My son, my son,
A father's eyes are looking on thy grave,
Dry eyes that look on this green mound and see
The low weed blossom and the long grass wave,
Without a single tear to them or thee,
My son, my son.

Why should I weep? The grass is grass, the weeds
Are weeds. The emmet hath done thus ere now.
I tear a leaf; the green blood that it bleeds
Is cold. What have I here? Where, where, art thou,
My son, my son?

On which tall trembler shall the old man lean ?
Which chill leaf shall lap o'er him when he lies
On that bed where in visions I have seen
Thy filial love ? or, when thy father dies,
Tissue a fingered thorn to close his childless eyes ?

Aye, where art thou ? Men, tell me of a fame
Walking the wondering nations ; and they say,
When thro' the shouting people thy great name
Goes like a chief upon a battle-day,
They shake the heavens with glory. Well-away !

As some poor hound that thro' thronged street and square
Pursues his loved lost lord, and fond and fast
Seeks what he feels to be but feels not where,
Tracks the dear feet to some closed door at last,
And lies him down and lornest looks doth cast,

So I, thro' all the long tumultuous days,
Tracing thy footstep on the human sands,
O'er the signed deserts and the vocal ways
Pursue thee, faithful, thro' the echoing lands,
Wearing a wandering staff with trembling hands :

Thro' echoing lands that ring with victory,
And answer for the living with the dead,
And give me marble when I ask for bread,
And give me glory when I ask for thee—
It was not glory I nursed on my knee.

And now, one stride behind thee, and too late,
Yet true to all that reason cannot kill,
I stand before the inexorable gate
And see thy latest footstep on the sill,
And know thou canst not come but watch and wait thee still.

"Old man!"—Ah, darest thou? yet thy look is kind,
Didst thou, too, love him? "Thou grey-headed sire,
Seest thou this path which from that grave doth wind
Far thro' those western uplands higher and higher,
Till, like a thread, it burns in the great fire

"Of sunset? The wild sea and desert meet
Eastward by yon unnavigable strand,
Then wherefore hath the flow of human feet
Left this dry runnel of memorial sand
Meandering thro' the summer of the land?

"See where the long immeasurable snake,
Between dim hall and hamlet, tower and shed,
Mountain and mountain, precipice and lake,
Lies forth unfinished to this final head,
This green dead mound of the unfading dead!"

Do they then come to weep thee? Do they kiss
Thy relics? Art thou then as wholly gone
As some old buried saint? My son, my son,
Ah, could I mourn thee so! Such tears were bliss!
"Old man, they do not mourn who weep at graves like this."

They do not mourn? What! hath the insolent foe
Found out my child's last bed? Who, who, are they
That come and go about him? I cry, "Who?"
I am his father—I;—I cry "Who?" "Aye
Gray trembler, I will tell thee who are they.

"The slave who, having grown up strong and stark
To the set season, feels at length he wears
Bonds that will break, and thro' the slavish dark
Shines with the light of liberated years,
And still in chains doth weep a freeman's tears.

"The patriot, while the unebbed force that hurled
His tyrant throbs within his bursting veins,
And, on the ruins of a hundred reigns,
That ancient heaven of brass, so long unfurled,
Falls with a crash of fame that fills the world,
And thro' the clangor lo the unwonted strains
Of peace, and, in the new sweet heavens upcurled,
The sudden incense of a thousand plains.

"Youth whom some mighty flash from heaven hath turned
In his dark highway, and who runs forth, shod
With flame, into the wilderness untrod,
And as he runs his heart of flint is burned,
And in that glass he sees the face of God,
And falls upon his knees—and morn is all abroad.

"Age who hath heard amid his cloistered ground
The cheer of youth, and steps from echoing aisles,
And at a sight the great blood with a bound
Melts his brow's winter, which the free sun smiles
To jewels, and he stands a young man crowned
With glittering years among a young world shouting round.

"Girls that do blush and tremble with delight
On the St. John's eve of their maidenhood ;
When the unsummered woman in her blood
Glow through the Parian maid, and at the sight
The flushing virgin weeps and feels herself too bright.

"He who first feels the world-old destiny,
The shaft of gold that strikes the poet still,
And slowly in its victim melts away,
Who knows his wounds will heal but when they kill,
And drop by vital drop doth bleed his golden ill.

"All whom the everpassing mysteries
Have rapt above the region of our race,
And, blinded by the glory and the grace
Break from the ecstatic sphere—as he who dies
In darkness, and in heaven's own light doth rise,
Dazed with the untried glory of the place
Looks up and sees some well-remembered face,
And thro' the invulnerable angels flies
To that dear human breast and hides his dazzled eyes.

“ All who, like the sun-ripened seed that springs
And bourgeons in the sun, do hold profound
An antenatal stature, which the round
Of the dull continent flesh hath cribbed and wound
Into this kernelled man; but having found
Such soil as grew them, burst in blossomings
Not native here, or, from the hallowed ground,
Tower their slow height, and spread, like sheltering wings,
Those boughs wherein the bird of omen sings
High as the palms of heaven, while to the sound
Lo kingdoms jocund in the sacred bound
Till the world's summer fills her moon, and brings
The final fruit which is the feast and fate of kings.

“ And darest thou mourn? Thy bones are left behind,
But where art thou, Anchises? Dost thou see
Him who once bare the slow paternity,
Foot-burnt o'er stony Troy? So, thou, reclined
Goest thro' the falling years. Here, here where we
Two stand, lies deep the flesh thou hast so pined
To clasp, and shalt clasp never. Verily,
Love and the worm are often of one mind!
God save them from election! Pity thee?
True he lifts not thy load, but he hath signed
And at his beck a nation rose up free;
Thy wounds his living love may never bind,
But at the dead man's touch posterity
Is healed. To thee, thou poor, and halt, and blind,
He is a staff no more: but times to be
Lean on his monumental memory

As the moon on a mountain. Thou shalt find
A silent home, a cheerless hearth: but he
Shall be a fire which the enkindling wind,
Blowing for ever from eternity,
Fans till its universal blaze hath shined
The yule of thankful ages. Pity thee?
A son is lost to thine infirmity;
Poor fool, what then? A son thou hast resigned
To give a father to the virtues of mankind."

IN WAR-TIME.

AN ASPIRATION OF THE SPIRIT.

LORD JESUS, as a little child,
Upon some high ascension day
When a great people goes to pay
Allegiance, and the tumult wild

Roars by its thousand streets, and fills
The billowy nation on the plain,
As roar into the heaving main
A thousand torrents from the hills,

Caught in the current of the throng
Is drawn beneath the closing crowd,
And, drowning in the human flood,
Is whirled in its dark depths along ;

And low under the ruthless feet,
Or high as to the awful knees
Of giants that he partly sees,
Blinded with fear and faint with heat,

Mindless of all but what doth seem,
And shut out from the upper light,
Maddens within a monstrous night
Of limbs that crush him like a dream ;

And when his strength no more can stand,
And while he sinks in his last swoond,
Is lifted from the deadly ground,
And led by a resistless hand,

And thro' the opening agony
Goes on and knows not where, beside
The mastery of his guardian guide,
Goes on, and knows not where nor why,

Till, when the sky no more is hid,
Between the rocking heads he sees
A mount that rises by degrees
Above them like a pyramid,

And on the summit of the mount
A vacant throne, and round the throne
Bright-vestured princoes, zone by zone,
In circles that he cannot count,

And feels, at length, a slanting way,
And labours by his guardian good
Till forth, as from a lessening wood,
They step into the dazzling day,

And from the mount he sees below
The marvel of the marshalled plain,
And what was tumult is a reign,
And, as he climbs, the princes know

His guide, and fall about his feet,
Before his face the courtiers fall,
And lo ! it is the Lord of all,
And on his throne he takes his seat ;

And, while strong fears transfix the boy,
The mighty people far and near
Throw up upon the eye and ear
The flash and thunder of their joy,

And, round the royal flag unfurled,
In sequent love and circling awe
The legions lead their living law,
And what was Chaos is a World :

So, Lord, Thou seest this mortal me,
Deep in Titanic days that press
Incessant from unknown access
To issues that I cannot see.

Caught in the current stern and strong
I sink beneath the closing crowd,
And drowning in the awful flood
Am whirled in its dark depths along,

Struggling with shows so thronged and thrust
On these wide eyes which bruise and burn,
And flash with half-seen sights, or turn
To that worse darkness thick with dust,

That mindful of but what doth seem,
And hopeless of the upper light,
I madden in a monstrous night
Of shapes that crush me like a dream.

Then when my strength no more can stand,
And while I sink in my last swoond,
Lo ! I am lifted from the ground,
And led by a resistless hand ;

And thro' the opening agony
Go on and know not where, beside
The mastery of my guardian guide,
Go on, and know not where or why ;

Nor, tho' I cannot see Thy brow,
Distrust the hand I feel so dear,
Nor question how Thou wert so near,
Nor ask Thee whither goest Thou,

Nor whence Thy footsteps first began.
Whence, Lord, Thou knowest : whither, Lord,
Thou knowest : how Thou knowest. Oh Word
That can be touched, oh Spoken Man,

Enough, enough, if Thou wilt lead,
To know Thou knowest : enough to know
That darkling at Thy side I go,
And this strong hand is Thine indeed.

Yet by that side, unspent, untrod,
Oh let me, clinging still to Thee,
Between the swaying wonders see
The throne upon the mount of God.

And—tho' they close before mine eye,
And all my course is choked and shut—
Feel Time grow steeper under foot,
And know the final height is nigh.

And as one sees, thro' cambered straits
Of forests, on his forward way,
Horizons green of coloured day,
Oh let me thro' the crowding Fates

Behold the light of skies unseen,
Till on that sudden Capitol
I step forth to the sight of all
That is, and shall be, and hath been,

And Thou, oh King, shalt take Thine own
Triumphant ; and, Thy place fulfilled,
The flaw of Nature shall be healed,
And joyous round Thy central throne

I see the vocal ages roll,
And all the human universe
Like some great symphony rehearse
The order of its perfect whole ;

And seek in vain where once I fell,
Nor know the anarchy I knew
In those congenial motions due
Of this great work where all is well,

And smile, with dazzled wisdom dumb,
—Remembering all I said and sung—
That man asks more of mortal tongue
Than skill to say, "Thy kingdom come."

HOME, WOUNDED.

WHEEL me into the sunshine,
Wheel me into the shadow,
There must be leaves on the woodbine,
Is the king-cup crowned in the meadow?

Wheel me down to the meadow,
Down to the little river,
In sun or in shadow
I shall not dazzle or shiver,
I shall be happy anywhere,
Every breath of the morning air
Makes me throb and quiver.

Stay wherever you will,
By the mount or under the hill,
Or down by the little river:
Stay as long as you please,
Give me only a bud from the trees,
Or a blade of grass in morning dew,
Or a cloudy violet clearing to blue,
I could look on it for ever.

Wheel, wheel thro' the sunshine,
Wheel, wheel thro' the shadow ;
There must be odours round the pine,
There must be balm of breathing kine,
Somewhere down in the meadow.
Must I choose? Then anchor me there
Beyond the beckoning poplars, where
The larch is snooding her flowery hair
With wreaths of morning shadow.

Among the thicket hazels of the brake
Perchance some nightingale doth shake
His feathers, and the air is full of song ;
In those old days when I was young and strong,
He used to sing on yonder garden tree,
Beside the nursery.
Ah, I remember how I loved to wake,
And find him singing on the self-same bough
(I know it even now)
Where, since the flit of bat,
In ceaseless voice he sat,
Trying the spring night over, like a tune,
Beneath the vernal moon ;
And while I listed long,
Day rose, and still he sang,
And all his stanchless song,
As something falling unaware,
Fell out of the tall trees he sang among,
Fell ringing down the ringing morn, and rang—
Rang like a golden jewel down a golden stair.

Is it too early ? I hope not.
But wheel me to the ancient oak,
On this side of the meadow ;
Let me hear the raven's croak
Loosened to an amorous note
In the hollow shadow.
Let me see the winter snake
Thawing all his frozen rings
On the bank where the wren sings.
Let me hear the little bell,
Where the red-wing, top-mast high,
Looks toward the northern sky,
And jangles his farewell.
Let us rest by the ancient oak,
And see his net of shadow,
His net of barren shadow,
Like those wrestlers' nets of old,
Hold the winter dead and cold,
Hoary winter, white and cold,
While all is green in the meadow.

And when you 've rested, brother mine,
Take me over the meadow ;
Take me along the level crown
Of the bare and silent down,
And stop by the ruined tower.
On its green scarp, by and by,
I shall smell the flowering thyme,
On its wall the wall-flower.

In the tower there used to be
A solitary tree.
Take me there, for the dear sake
Of those old days wherein I loved to lie
And pull the melilote,
And look across the valley to the sky,
And hear the joy that filled the warm wide hour
Bubble from the thrush's throat,
As into a shining mere
Rills some rillet trebling clear,
And speaks the silent silver of the lake.
There mid cloistering tree-roots, year by year,
The hen-thrush sat, and he, her lief and dear,
Among the boughs did make
A ceaseless music of her married time,
And all the ancient stones grew sweet to hear,
And answered him in the unspoken rhyme
Of gracious forms most musical
That tremble on the wall
And trim its age with airy fantasies
That flicker in the sun, and hardly seem
As if to be beheld were all,
And only to our eyes
They rise and fall,
And fall and rise,
Sink down like silence, or a sudden stream
As wind-blown on the wind as streams a wedding-chime.

But you are wheeling me while I dream,
And we 've almost reached the meadow !

You may wheel me fast thro' the sunshine,
You may wheel me fast thro' the shadow,
But wheel me slowly, brother mine,
Thro' the green of the sappy meadow;
For the sun, these days have been so fine,
Must have touched it over with celandine,
And the southern hawthorn, I divine,
Sheds a muffled shadow.

There blows
The first primrose,
Under the bare bank roses :
There is but one,
And the bank is brown,
But soon the children will come down,
The ringing children come singing down,
To pick their Easter posies,
And they 'll spy it out, my beautiful,
Among the bare brier-roses;
And when I sit here again alone,
The bare brown bank will be blind and dull,
Alas for Easter posies !
But when the din is over and gone,
Like an eye that opens after pain,
I shall see my pale flower shining again ;
Like a fair star after a gust of rain
I shall see my pale flower shining again ;
Like a glow-worm after the rolling wain
Hath shaken darkness down the lane
I shall see my pale flower shining again ;

And it will blow here for two months more,
And it will blow here again next year,
And the year past that, and the year beyond ;
And thro' all the years till my years are o'er
I shall always find it here.

Shining across from the bank above,
Shining up from the pond below,
Ere a water-fly wimple the silent pond,
Or the first green weed appear.

And I shall sit here under the tree,
And as each slow bud uncloses,
I shall see it brighten and brighten to me,
From among the leafing brier-roses,
The leaning leafing roses,
As at eve the leafing shadows grow,
And the star of light and love
Draweth near o'er her airy glades,
Draweth near thro' her heavenly shades,
As a maid thro' a myrtle grove.

And the flowers will multiply,
As the stars come blossoming over the sky,
The bank will blossom, the waters blow,
Till the singing children hitherward hie
To gather May-day posies ;
And the bank will be bare wherever they go,
As dawn, the primrose-girl, goes by,
And alas for heaven's primroses !

Blare the trumpet, and boom the gun,
But, oh, to sit here thus in the sun,

To sit here, feeling my work is done,
While the sands of life so golden run,
And I watch the children's posies,
And my idle heart is whispering
"Bring whatever the years may bring,
The flowers will blossom, the birds will sing,
And there 'll always be primroses."

Looking before me here in the sun,
I see the Aprils one after one,
Primrosed Aprils one by one,
Primrosed Aprils on and on,
Till the floating prospect closes
In golden glimmers that rise and rise,
And perhaps are gleams of Paradise,
And perhaps—too far for mortal eyes—
New years of fresh primroses,
Years of earth's primroses,
Springs to be, and springs for me
Of distant dim primroses.

My soul lies out like a basking hound,
A hound that dreams and dozes ;
Along my life my length I lay,
I fill to-morrow and yesterday,
I am warm with the suns that have long since set,
I am warm with the summers that are not yet,
And like one who dreams and dozes
Softly afloat on a sunny sea,
Two worlds are whispering over me,

And there blows a wind of roses
From the backward shore to the shore before,
From the shore before to the backward shore,
And like two clouds that meet and pour
Each thro' each, till core in core
A single self reposes,
The nevermore with the evermore
Above me mingles and closes ;
As my soul lies out like the basking hound,
And wherever it lies seems happy ground,
And when, awakened by some sweet sound,
A dreamy eye uncloses,
I see a blooming world around,
And I lie amid primroses—
Years of sweet primroses,
Springs of fresh primroses,
Springs to be, and springs for me
Of distant dim primroses.

Oh to lie a-dream, a-dream,
To feel I may dream and to know you deem
My work is done for ever,
And the palpitating fever
That gains and loses, loses and gains,
And beats the hurrying blood on the brunt of a thousand pains
Cooled at once by that blood-let
Upon the parapet ;
And all the tedious taskèd toil of the difficult long endeavour
Solved and quit by no more fine
Than these limbs of mine,

Spanned and measured once for all
By that right hand I lost,
Bought up at so light a cost
As one bloody fall
On the soldier's bed,
And three days on the ruined wall
Among the thirstless dead.
Oh to think my name is crost
From duty's muster-roll ;
That I may slumber tho' the clarion call,
And live the joy of an embodied soul
Free as a liberated ghost.
Oh to feel a life of deed
Was emptied out to feed
That fire of pain that burned so brief a while—
That fire from which I come, as the dead come
Forth from the irreparable tomb,
Or as a martyr on his funeral pile
Heaps up the burdens other men do bear
Thro' years of segregated care,
And takes the total load
Upon his shoulders broad,
And steps from earth to God.

Oh to think, thro' good or ill,
Whatever I am you 'll love me still ;
Oh to think, tho' dull I be,
You that are so grand and free,
You that are so bright and gay,
Will pause to hear me when I will,

As tho' my head were gray ;
And tho' there's little I can say,
Each will look kind with honour while he hears.
And to your loving ears
My thoughts will halt with honourable scars,
And when my dark voice stumbles with the weight
Of what it doth relate
(Like that blind comrade—blinded in the wars—
Who bore the one-eyed brother that was lame),
You'll remember 'tis the same
That cried " Follow me,"
Upon a summer's day ;
And I shall understand with unshed tears
This great reverence that I see,
And bless the day—and Thee,
Lord God of victory !

And she,
Perhaps oh even she
May look as she looked when I knew her
In those old days of childish sooth,
Ere my boyhood dared to woo her.
I will not seek nor sue her,
For I'm neither fonder nor truer
Than when she slighted my love-lorn youth,
My giftless, graceless, guinealess truth,
And I only lived to rue her.
But I'll never love another,
And, in spite of her lovers and lands,
She shall love me yet, my brother !

As a child that holds by his mother,
While his mother speaks his praises,
Holds with eager hands,
And ruddy and silent stands
In the ruddy and silent daisies,
And hears her bless her boy,
And lifts a wondering joy,
So I'll not seek nor sue her,
But I'll leave my glory to woo her,
And I'll stand like a child beside,
And from behind the purple pride
I'll lift my eyes unto her,
And I shall not be denied.
And you will love her, brother dear,
And perhaps next year you'll bring me here
All thro' the balmy April-tide,
And she will trip like spring by my side,
And be all the birds to my ear.
And here all three we'll sit in the sun,
And see the Aprils one by one,
Primrosed Aprils on and on,
Till the floating prospect closes
In golden glimmers that rise and rise,
And perhaps, are gleams of Paradise,
And perhaps, too far for mortal eyes,
New springs of fresh primroses,
Springs of earth's primroses,
Springs to be and springs for me,
Of distant dim primroses.

A NUPTIAL EVE.

OH, happy, happy maid,
In the year of war and death
She wears no sorrow !
By her face so young and fair,
By the happy wreath
That rules her happy hair,
She might be a bride to-morrow !
She sits and sings within her moonlit bower,
Her moonlit bower in rosy June,
Yet ah, her bridal breath,
Like fragrance from some sweet night-blowing flower,
Moves from her moving lips in many a mournful tune !
She sings no song of love's despair,
She sings no lover lowly laid,
No fond peculiar grief
Has ever touched or bud or leaf
Of her unblighted spring.
She sings because she needs must sing ;
She sings the sorrow of the air
Whereof her voice is made.
That night in Britain howsoe'er
On any chords the fingers strayed
They gave the notes of care.
A dim sad legend old

Long since in some pale shade
Of some far twilight told,
She knows not when or where,
She sings, with trembling hand on trembling lute-strings
laid:—

The murmur of the mourning ghost
That keeps the shadowy kine,
“ Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line ! ”

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The merry path that leads
Down the golden morning hill,
And thro' the silver meads ;

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The stile beneath the tree,
The maid that kept her mother's kine,
The song that sang she !

She sang her song, she kept her kine,
She sat beneath the thorn
When Andrew Keith of Ravelston
Rode thro' the Monday morn,

His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring,
His belted jewels shine !
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !

Year after year, where Andrew came,
Comes evening down the glade,
And still there sits a moonshine ghost
Where sat the sunshine maid.

Her misty hair is faint and fair,
She keeps the shadowy kine;
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !

I lay my hand upon the stile,
The stile is lone and cold,
The burnie that goes babbling by
Says nought that can be told.

Yet, stranger ! here, from year to year,
She keeps her shadowy kine;
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !

Step out three steps, where Andrew stood—
Why blanch thy cheeks for fear ?
The ancient stile is not alone,
Tis not the burn I hear !

She makes her immemorial moan,
She keeps her shadowy kine ;
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !

THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

Come hither an' sit on my knee, Willie,
Come hither an' sit on my knee,
An' list while I tell how your brave brither fell,
Fechtin' for you an' for me :
Fechtin' for you an' for me, Willie,
Wi' his guid sword in his han'.
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man !

Ye min' o' your ain brither dear, Willie,
Ye min' o' your ain brither dear,
How he pettled ye aye wi' his pliskies an' play,
An' was aye sae cantie o' cheer :
Aye sae cantie o' cheer, Willie,
As he steppit sae tall an' sae gran'
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man.

D' ye min' when the bull had ye down, Willie,
D' ye min' when the bull had ye down ?
D' ye min' wha grippit ye fra the big bull,
D' ye min' o' his muckle red woun' ?

D' ye min' o' his muckle red woun', Willie,
D' ye min' how the bluid doun ran?
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man.

D' ye min' when we a' wanted bread, Willie,
The year when we a' wanted bread?
How he smiled when he saw the het parritch an' a',
An' gaed cauld an' toom to his bed:
Gaed awa' toom to his bed, Willie,
For the love o' wee Willie an' Nan?
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man!

Next simmer was bright but an' ben, Willie,
Next simmer was bright but an' ben,
When there cam a gran' cry like a win' strang an' high
By loch, an' mountain, an' glen:
By loch, an' mountain, an' glen, Willie,
The cry o' a far forrin lan',
An' up loupit ilka brave man, Willie,
Up loupit ilka brave man.

For the voice cam saying, "Wha'll gang?" Willie,
The voice cam saying, "Wha'll gang
To fecht owre the sea that the slave may be free,
An' the weak be safe fra' the strang?"
The weak be safe fra' the strang, Willie;
Rab looked on Willie an' Nan,
An' hech, but he was a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but he was a brave man!

I kent by his een he was gaun, Willie,
I kent by his een he was gaun,
An' he rose like a chief: twice we spak in our grief—
“Dinna gang!” “My mither, I maun!”
When he said, “My mither, I maun,” Willie,
I gied him his sword to his han'.
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man!

An' sae it happened afar, Willie,
Sae it happened afar,
In the dead midnight there rose a great fecht,
An' Rab was first i' the war:
First i' the haur o' the war, Willie,
Wi' his guid sword in his han'!
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man!

An' there cam' a dark wicked lord, Willie,
There cam' a dark wicked lord,
An' oh my guid God! on my bauld bairn he rode,
An' smote him wi' his sword:
Smote him wi' his sword, Willie,
But Rab had his guid sword in han'!
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man!

He rushed on the fae in his might, Willie,
In his might to the fecht thro' the night,
An' he grippit him grim, an' the fae grippit him,
An' they rolled owre i' the fecht:

They rolled owre i' the fecht, Willie,
Rab wi' his guid sword in han' !
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man !

When the gran' stowre cleared awa', Willie,
When the gran' stowre cleared awa',
An' the mornin' drew near in chitter an' in fear,
Still, still, in death they lay twa :
Still, still, in death they lay twa, Willie,
Rab wi' his guid sword in han' !
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man.

Then up fra the death-sod they bore him, Willie,
The young men an' maidens they bore him,
An' they mak the rocks ring 'gin my bairn were a king,
An' a' the sweet lassies greet owre him :
A' the sweet lassies greet owre him, Willie,
An' their proud lips kiss his cauld han',
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man.

An' they big him a green grass grave, Willie,
They big him a green grass grave,
My ain lad ! my ain ! an' they write on the stane,
" Wha wad na sleep wi' the brave ? "
An' wha wad na sleep wi' the brave Willie ?
Wha wad na dee for his lan' ?
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man !

Noo come to yon press wi' me, Willie,
Come to yon press wi' me,
And I'll show ye somethin' o' auld lang syne,
When he was a bairnie like thee :
When he was a bairnie like thee, Willie,
And stood at my knee where ye stan',
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man.

D'ye see this wee bit bannet, Willie,
—I min' weel the day it was new—
See how I haud it here to my heart,
His wee bit bannet o' blue:
His wee bit bannet o' blue, Willie,
Wi' its wee bit cockie an' ban' !
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man.

D'ye see his ba' and his stickie, Willie,
When he played at the ba' ;
Na, na, ye're no to tak it in han',
Ye're no sae brave an' sae braw !
But gin ye grow braw an' brave, Willie,
Aiblins I'se gie't to your han',
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man.

An' this was his Guid Buik, Willie,
The Guid Buik that he lo'ed,
Where he read the Word o' the great guid Lord
Wha bought us wi' His bluid.

An' will we spare our bluid, Willie,
To buy the dear auld lan' ?
Hech, but ye 'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye 'll be a brave man.

They say he 's dead an' gane, Willie,
They say he 's dead an' gane.
Wad God my bairnies a' were sons,
That ten might gang for ane:
Ten might gang for ane, Willie,
To save the dear auld lan' !
Hech, but ye 'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye 'll be a brave man.

I 'd no be lorn an' lane, Willie,
I 'd no be lorn an' lane,
For gin I had him here by the han'
He could na be mair my ain:
He 'd no be mair my ain, Willie,
Gin I grippit him by the han' !
Hech, but ye 'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye 'll be a brave man.

An' oh ! gin ye gang fra me, Willie,
Gin ye gang as he gaed fra me,
Ye 'll aye be still as near to my heart
As the noo when ye sit on my knee:
As the noo when ye sit on my knee, Willie,
An' I haud ye by the han'.
Hech, but ye 'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye 'll be a brave man.

" An' wad ye no greet at a', mither ?
Wad ye no greet at a' ?"
Aye, wad I greet my bonnie bonnie bairn !
" An' will ye no greet when I fa' ?"
Will I no greet when ye fa', Willie ?
God bless your bonnie wee han' !
Hech, but ye 'll be a brave man, Willie,
I kent weel ye 'd be a brave man !

Aye, will I greet day an' night, Willie,
Aye, will I greet day an' night !
But gin ye can see fra your heaven down to me,
Ye 'se no be wae at the sight :
Ye 'se no be wae at the sight, Willie,
E'en in your bright blessed lan' !
Hech, but ye 'll be a brave man, Willie,
I kent weel ye 'd be a brave man.

Ye ken how I greet sae sair, Willie,
Ye ken how I greet sae sair,
When ye 're no my ain guid bairnie the day,
An' my een are cloudy wi' care :
My een are cloudy wi' care, Willie,
An' I lean down my head on my han',
An' think " Will ye be a guid man, Willie,
Ah, will ye grow a guid man ?"

Ye ken when I did na greet sae, Willie,
Ye ken when I did na greet sae !
Gran' gran' are a proud mither's tears,
An' the gate that she gangs in her wae :

The gate that she gangs in her wae, Willie,
Wi' her foot on her ain proud lan' !
Hech, but ye 'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye 'll be a brave man.

Ye min' how ye saw me greet, Willie,
Ye min' how ye saw me greet,
When the great news cam' to the toun at e'en,
An' we heard the shout in the street:
We heard the shout in the street, Willie,
An' the death-word it rode an' it ran.
Hech, but ye 'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye 'll be a brave man.

Ye min' how I lift up mine ee', Willie,
Ye min' how I lift up mine ee',
An' smiled as I smile when I stan' i' the door,
An' see ye come toddlin' to me:
See ye come toddlin' to me, Willie,
An' smile afar off where I stan'.
Hech, but ye 'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye 'll be a brave man.

Thank God for ilk tear I let fa', Willie,
Thank God for ilk tear I let fa',
For oh, where they wipe awa' tears fra' a' een,
Sic tears they wad no wipe awa':
Sic tears they wad no wipe awa', Willie,
Tho' there 's nane may be sad i' that lan' !
Hech, but ye 'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye 'll be a brave man.

Noo to your play ye maun gang, Willie,
Noo to your play ye maun gang,
An' belyve, my ain wee, ye'll come back to my knee,
And I'se sing ye an auld Scots sang :
I'se sing ye an auld Scots sang, Willie,
A sang o' the dear auld lan' !
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man.

An' aye d'ye min' what I say, Willie,
What ye heard your auld mither say,
Better to dee a brave man an' free,
Than to live a fause coward for aye :
Than to live a fause coward for aye, Willie,
An' stan' by the shame o' your lan' !
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man.

It's brave to be first at the schule,
It's brave to be cock o' the class,
It's brave to thwack a strang fule,
It's brave to win a wee lass,
It's brave to be first wi' the pleugh,
An' first i' the reel an' strathspey,
An' first at the tod i' the cleugh,
An' first at the stag at bay.

It's brave to be laird o' the glen,
It's brave to be chief o' the clan,
But he that can dree for his neebor to dee,
Oh, he's the true brave man:

He's the true brave man, Willie,
An' the fame o' his name sall be gran' !
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man, Willie,
Hech, but ye'll be a brave man.

ALONE.

THERE came to me softly a small wind from the sea,
And it lifted a curl as it passed by me.
But I sang sorrow and ho the heavy day !
And I sang heigho and well-away !

Again there came softly a small wind from the sea,
And it lifted a curl as it passed by me.
And still I sang sorrow and ho the heavy day !
And I sang heigho and well-away !

Once more there came softly that small wind from the sea,
And it lifted a curl as it passed by me.
I hushed my song of sorrow and ho the heavy day,
And I hushed my heigho and well-away.

Then, when I was silent, that small wind from the sea,
It came the fourth time tenderly to me ;
To me, to me,
Sitting by the sea,
Sitting sad and solitary thinking of thee.
Like warm lips it touched me—that soft wind from the sea,
And I trembled and wept as it passed by me.

FAREWELL.

HEAR me, hear me, now !
By this heaven less pure than thou,
Fare thee well !
By this living light
Less bright,
Fare thee well !

By the boundless sea
Of mine agony,
Fare thee well !
That unfathomed sea
Which must roll from me to thee,
Must roll from thee to me,
Fare thee well !

By the tears that I have bled for thee,
Farewell !
By the life's-blood I will shed for thee,
Farewell !
By that field of death and fear
Where I'll fight with sword and spear
The fight I'm fighting here,
Fare thee well !

By a form amid the storm,
Fare thee well !
By a sigh above the cry,
Fare thee well !

By the war-cloud and the shout
That shall wrap me round about,
But can never shut thee out,
Fare thee well !

By the wild and bloody close,
When I loose this hell of woes,
And these fires shall eat our foes,
Fare thee well !

By all thou 'lt not forget,
Fare thee well !
By the joy when first we met,
Fare thee well !

By the mighty love and pain
Of the frantic arms that strain
What they ne'er shall clasp again
Fare thee well !

By the bliss of our first kiss,
Fare thee well !
By the locked love of our last,
Till a passion like a blast
Tore the future from the past,
Fare thee well !

By the nights that I shall weep for thee,
Farewell !

By the vigils I shall keep for thee,
Farewell !

By the memories that will beam of thee,
Farewell !

By the dreams that I shall dream of thee,
Farewell !

By the passion when I wake
Of this heart that will not break,
That can bleed but cannot break,
Fare thee well !

By that holier woe of thine,
Fare thee well !
By thy love more pure than mine,
Fare thee well !

By the days thou shalt hold dear for me,
The lone life thou shalt bear for me,
The gray hairs thou shalt wear for me,
Farewell !

By thy good deeds offered up for me,
Farewell !
When thou fillest the wanderer's cup for me,
Farewell !
When thou givest the hungry bread for me,
Farewell !
When thou watchest by the dead for me,
Farewell !

By the faith of thy pure eyes,
By the hopes that shall arise
Day and night to the deaf skies,
Fare thee well !

By that faith I cannot share,
Fare thee well !
By this hopeless heart's despair,
Fare thee well !

By the days I have been glad for thee,
The years I shall be sad for thee,
The hours I shall be mad for thee,
Farewell !

SLEEPING AND WAKING.

I HAD a dream—I lay upon thy breast,
In that sweet place where we lay long ago :
I thought the morning woodbine to and fro
With playful shadows whipped away my rest,
And in my sleep I cried to thee, too blest,

“ Rise, oh my love, the morning sun is bright,
Let us arise, oh love, let us arise ;
The flowers awake, the lark is in the skies,
I will array myself in my delight,
And we will—” and I woke to death and night !

“HE LOVES AND HE RIDES AWAY.”

'T WAS in that island summer where
They spin the morning gossamer,
And weave the evening mist,
That, underneath the hawthorn-tree,
I loved my love, and my love loved me,
And there we lay and kissed,
And saw the happy ships upon the yielding sea.

Soft my heart, and warm his wooing,
What we did seemed, while 'twas doing,
Beautiful and wise;
Wiser, fairer, more in tune,
Than all else in that sweet June,
And sinless as the skies
That warmed the willing earth thro' all the languid noon.

Ah that fatal spell !
Ere the evening fell
I fled away to hide my frightened face,
And cried that I was born,
And sobbed with love and scorn,
And in the darkness sought a darker place,
And blushed, and wept, and blushed, and dared not think of
morn.

Day and night, day and night,
 And I saw no light,
 Night and day, night and day,
 And in my woe I lay
 And dreamed the dreams they dream who cannot
 sleep :
 My speech was withered, and I could not pray ;
 My tears were frozen, and I could not weep.

I saw the hawthorn rise
 Between me and the skies,
 I felt the shadow was from pole to pole,
 I felt the leaves were shed,
 I felt the birds were dead,
 And on the earth I snowed the winter of my soul.

Like to the hare wide eyed,
 That with her throbbing side
 Pressed to the rock awaits the coming cry,
 In my despair I sate
 And waited for my fate ;
 And as the hunted hare returns to die,
 And with her latest breath
 Regains her native heath,
 So, when I heard the feet of destiny
 Near and more near, and caught the yelp of death,
 Toward the sounding sea,
 Toward my hawthorn-tree,

Under the ignorant stars I darkly crept :
" There," I said, " they 'll find me dead,
Lying within my maidenhead."
And at my own unwonted voice, I wept;
And for my great heart-ache,
Within a little brake
I lay me weary down and weary slept,
Nor ever oped mine eyes till morn had left the lake.

Her morning bath was o'er,
And on the golden shore
She stood like Flora with her floral train,
And all her track was seen
Among the watery sheen,
That blushed, and wished, and blushing wished again,
And parted still, and closed, with pleasure that had been.

Oh the happy isle,
The universal smile
That met, as love meets love, the smile of day,
And touched and lit delight
Within the common light,
Till all the joy of life was ecstasy,
And morn's wild maids ran each her flowery way,
And shook her dripping locks o'er hill, and dale, and lea!
" At least," I said, " my tree is sear and blight,
My tree, my hawthorn-tree !"

With downcast eyes of fear
I drew me near and near,

Dazed with the dewy glory of the hour,
Till under-foot I see
A flower too dear to me :
I pause, and raise my full eyes from the flower,
And lo ! my hawthorn-tree !

As a white-limbed may,
In some illumined bay,
Flings round her shining charms in starry rain,
And with her body bright
Dazzles the waters white,
That fall from her fair form, and flee in vain,
Dyed with the dear unutterable sight,
And circle out her beauty thro' the circling main,

So my hawthorn-tree
Stood and seemed to me
The very face that smiled the summer smile :
All lesser light-bearers
Did light their lamps at hers—
She lit her own at heaven's, and looked the while
A purer sweeter sun,
Whence beauty was begun,
And blossomed from her blossoms thro' the blossoming isle.
Then I took heart, and as I looked upon
Her unstained white, I said, " I am not wholly vile."

Thus my hawthorn-tree
Was my witness unto me,

And so I answered my impleading sin
Till blossom-time was o'er,
And with the autumn roar
Mine unrebuked accuser entered in,
And I fell down convinced, and strove with shame no more.

Some time after came to me,
An image of the hawthorn-tree,
And bore the old sweet witness ; and I heard,
And from among the dead
I lifted up my head,
As one lifts up to hear a little bird,
And finds the night is past and all the east is red.

Small and fair, choice and rare,
Snowy pale with moonlight hair,
My little one blossoms and springs !
Like joy with woe singing to it,
Like love with sorrow to woo it,
So my witty one so my pretty one sings !
And I see the white hawthorn-tree and the bright summer
bird singing thro' it,
And my heart is prouder than kings !

While I look on her I seem
Once again in the sweet dream

Of that enchanted day,
When, underneath the hawthorn tree,
I loved my love, and my love loved me :
And lost in love we lay,
And saw the happy ships upon the yielding sea.

While I look on her I seem
Once again in that bright dream,
Beautiful and wise :
Wiser, fairer, more in tune,
Than all else in that sweet June,
And sinless as the skies
That warmed the willing earth thro' all the languid noon.

Like my hawthorn-tree,
She stands and seems to me
The very face that smiles the summer smile :
All lesser light-bearers
Do light their lamps at hers—
She lights her own at heaven's, and looks the while
A sweeter purer sun,
Whence beauty is begun,
To blossom from that blossom thro' the blossoming isle.

Thou shalt not leave me, child !
Come weather fierce or mild,

My babe, my blossom ! thou shalt never leave me !
Life shall never wean us,
Nor death shall e'er have room to come between us,
And time may grieve me but shall ne'er bereave me,
Nor see us more apart than he hath seen us.

For I will fall with thee,
As a bird from the tree
Falls with a butterfly petal whitely shed,
And falling—thou and I—
I shall not dread to die,
But like a child I'll take my flower to bed.
And when the long cold death-night hath gone by,
In the great darkness of the sepulchre
I'll feel and find thee near,
My babe, my white white blossom !
And when the trumpet cries,
I shall not fear to rise,
But wear thee o'er the spot upon my bosom,
And come out of my grave and bear the awful eyes.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

I do not say the day is long and weary,
For while thou art content to be away,
Living in thee, oh Love, I live thy day,
And reck not if mine own be sad and dreary.

I do not count its sorrows or its charms :
It lies as cold, as empty, and as dead,
As lay my wedding-dress beside my bed
When I was clothed in thy dear arms.

Yet there is something here within this breast
Which, like a flower that never blossoms, lieth ;
And tho' in words and tears my sorrow crieth,
I know that it hath never been exprest.

Something that blindly yearneth to be known,
And doth not burn, nor rage, nor leap, nor dart ;
But struggles in the sickness of my heart,
As a root struggles in a vault of stone.

Now, by my wedding-ring,
I charge thee do not move
That heavy stone that on the vault doth lie ;
I charge thee be of merry cheer, my love,

Nor ever let me know that thou dost sigh,
For, ah ! how light a thing
Would shake me with the sorrow I deny !

I am as one who hid a giant's child
In her deep prison, and, from year to year,
He grew to his own stature, fierce and wild,
And what she took for love she kept for fear.

Oh, thou enchanter, who dost hold the spells
Of all my sealèd cells,
Oh Love, that hast been silent all too long,
A little longer, Love, oh, silent be ;
My secret hath waxed strong,
My giant hath grown up to angry age ;
Do thou but say the word that sets him free,
And, lo ! he tears me in his rage !

I do not say the day is sad and dreary,
For while thou art content to be away,
Living in thee, oh Love, I live thy day,
And reck not if mine own be wan and weary.

I look down on it from my far love-dream,
As some drowned saint may see with musing eyes
Her lifeless body float adown the stream,
While she is smiling in her skies.

But do thou silence keep !
For I am one who walketh on the ledge
Of some great rock's sheer edge :

I walk in beauty and in light,
Self-balanced on the height :
A breath!—and I am breathless in the deep.

Oh, my own Love, I warn
Thy grief to be as still as they who tread
The snow of alpine peak,
And see the pendulous avalanche o'erhead
Hang like a dew-drop on a thorn!

I charge thee silence keep!
My life stands breathless by her agony,
Oh, do not bid her leap!
I am as calm as air
Before a summer storm;
The ocean of my thoughts hath ceased to roll;
This living heart that doth not beat is warm;
I think the stillness of my face is fair;
The cloud that fills my soul
Is not a cloud of pain.
Beware, beware! one rash
Sweet glance may be the flash
That brings it raving down in thunder and in rain!

No, do not speak :
Nor, oh! let any tell of thy pale cheek,
Nor paint the silent sorrow of thine eye,
Nor tell me thou art fond, or gay, or glad;
For, ah! so tuned and lightly strung am I,
That howsoe'er thou stir, I ring thereby.

Thy manly voice is deep,
But if thou touch from sleep
The woman's treble of my shrill reply,
Ah, who shall say thine echoes may not weep?
A jester's ghost is sad,
The shades of merriest flowers do mow and creep,
And oh, the vocal shadows that should fly
About the simplest word that thou canst say,
What after spell shall ever lay?

Hast thou forgot when I sat down to sing
To my forsaken harp, long, long ago,
How thou, for sport, wouldst strike a single string,
And hark the hovering chorus come and go,
Low and high, high and low,
Till round the throbbing wire
Rose such a quivering quire,
As all king David's wives were echoing
The tenor of their king.

Like those dear strings, my silent soul is full
Of cries, as a ripe fruit is full of wine.
The fruit is hanging fair and beautiful,
And dry-eyed as a rose in the sunshine,
But try it with a single touch of thine,
And, lo! the drops that start,
And all the golden vintage of its heart!

So, thinking of thy debt to Love and me,
In some dull hour beyond the sea,

Do thou but only say
—As carelessly as men do pay their debts—
“ Oh, weary day ! ”
And that one sigh o’ersets
The hive of my regrets,
“ Ah, weary, weary day,
Oh, weary, weary day,
Oh, day so weary, oh, day so dreary,
Oh, weary, weary, weary, weary, weary,
Oh, weary, weary ! ”

GRASS FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.

SMALL sheaf

Of withered grass, that hast not yet revealed
Thy story, lo ! I see thee once more green
And growing on the battle-field,
On that last day that ever thou didst grow !

I look down thro' thy blades and see between
A little lifted clover leaf
Stand like a cresset: and I know
If this were morn there should be seen
In its chalice such a gem
As decks no mortal diadem
Poised with a lapidary skill
Which merely living doth fulfil
And pass the exquisite strain of subtlest human will.
But in the sun it lifteth up
A dry unjewelled cup,
Therefore I see that day doth not begin ;
And yet I know its beaming lord
Hath not yet passed the hill of noon,
Or thy lush blades
Would be more dry and thin,
And every blade a thirsty sword
Edged with the sharp desire that soon
Should draw the silver blood of all the shades.

I feel 't is summer. This whereon I stand
Is not a hill, nor, as I think, a vale ;
The soil is soft upon the generous land,
Yet not as where the meeting streams take hand
Under the mossy mantle of the dale.
Such grass is for the meadow. If I try
To lift my heavy eyelids, as in dreams
A power is on them, and I know not why.
Thou art but part ; the whole is unconfest :
Beholding thee I long to know the rest.
As one expands the bosom with a sigh,
I stretch my sight's horizon ; but it seems,
Ere it can widen round the mystery,
To close in swift contraction, like the breast.
The air is held, as by a charm,
In an enforced silence, as like sound
As the dead man the living. 'T is so still,
I listen for it loud.
And when I force my eyes from thy sole place
And see a wider space,
Above, around,
In ragged glory like a torn
And golden-natured cloud,
O'er the dim field a living smoke is warm ;
As in a city on a sabbath morn
The hot and summer sunshine goes abroad
Swathed in the murky air,
As if a god
Enrobed himself in common flesh and blood,
Our heavy flesh and blood,
And here and there

As unaware

Thro' the dull lagging limbs of mortal make,
That keep unequal time, the swifter essence brake.

But hark a bugle horn !

And, ere it ceases, such a shock
As if the plain were iron, and thereon
An iron hammer, heavy as a hill,
Swung by a monstrous force, in stroke came down
And deafened Heaven. I feel a swoon
Of every sense bestunned.
The rent ground seems to rock,
And all the definite vision, in such wise
As a dead giant borne on a swift river,
Seems sliding off for ever,
When my reviving eyes,
As one that holds a spirit by his eye
With set inexorable stare,
Fix thee: and so I catch, as by the hair,
The form of that great dream that else had drifted by.
I know not what that form may be;
The lock I hold is all I see,
And thou, small sheaf ! art all the battle-field to me.

The wounded silence hath not time to heal
When see ! upon thy sod
The round stroke of a charger's heel
With echoing thunder shod !
As the night-lightning shows
A mole upon a momentary face,
So, as that gnarled hoof strikes the indented place,
I see it, and it goes !

And I hear the squadrons trot thro' the heavy shell and shot,
And wheugh ! but the grass is gory !
Forward ho ! blow to blow, at the foe in they go,
And tis hieover heigho for glory !

The rushing storm is past,
But hark ! upon its track the far drums beat,
And all the earth that at thy roots thou hast
Stirs, shakes, shocks, sounds, with quick strong tramp of feet
In time unlike the last.
Footing to tap of drum
The charging columns come ;
And as they come their mighty martial sound
Blows on before them as a flaming fire
Blows in the wind ; for, as old Mars in ire
Strode o'er the world encompassed in a cloud,
So the swift legion, o'er the quaking ground,
Strode in a noise of battle. Nigh and nigher
I heard it, like the long swell gathering loud
What-time a land-wind blowing from the main
Blows to the burst of fury and is o'er,
As if an ocean on one fatal shore
Fell in a moment whole, and threw its roar
Whole to the further sea : and as the strain
Of my strong sense cracked in the deafened ear,
And all the rushing tumult of the plain
Topped its great arch above me, a swift foot
Was struck between thy blades to the struck root,
And lifted : as into a sheath
A sudden sword is thrust and drawn again
Ere one can gasp a breath.

I was so near,
I saw the wrinkles of the leather grain,
The very cobbler's stitches, and the wear
By which I knew the wearer trod not straight ;
An honest shoe it seemed that had been good
To mete the miles of any country lane,
Nor did one sign explain
'T was made to wade thro' blood.
My shoe, soft footstooled on this hearth, so far
From strife, hath such a patch, and as he past
His broken shoelace whipt his eager haste.
An honest shoe, good faith! that might have stood
Upon the threshold of a village inn
And welcomed all the world: or by the byre
And barn gone peaceful till the day closed in,
And, scraped at eve upon some homely gate,
Ah, Heaven! might sit beside a cottage fire
And touch the lazy log to softer flames than war.

Long, long, thou wert alone,
I thought thy days were done,
Flat as ignoble grass that lies out mown
By peaceful hands in June, I saw thee lie.
A worm crawled o'er thee, and the gossamer
That telegraphs Queen Mab to Oberon,
Lengthening his living message, passed thee by.
But rain fell: and thy strawed blades one by one
Began to stir and stir.

And as some moorland bird
Whom the still hunter's stalking steps have stirred,
When he stands mute, and nothing more is heard,

With slow succession and reluctant art
Grows upward from her bed,
Each move a muffled start,
And thro' the silent autumn covert red
Uplifts a throbbing head
That times the ambushed hunter's thudding heart;

Or as a snow-drop bending low
Beneath a flake of other snow
Thaws to its height when spring winds melt the skies,
And drip by drip doth mete a measured rise;

Or as the eyelids of a child's fair eyes
Lift from her lower lashes slow and pale
To arch the wonder of a fairy tale ;
So thro' the western light
I saw thee slowly rearing to thy height.

Then when thou hadst regained thy state,
And while a meadow-spider with three lines
Enschemed thy three tall pillars green,
And made the enchanted air between
Mortal with shining signs,
(For the loud carrion-flies were many and late),

Betwixt thy blades and stems
There fell a hand,
Soft, small and white, and ringed with gold and gems;
And on those stones of price
I saw a proud device,
And words I could not understand.

Idly, one by one,
The knots of anguish came undone,
The fingers stretched as from a cramp of woe,
And sweet and slow
Moved to gracious shapes of rest,
Like a curl of soft pale hair
Drying in the sun.
And then they spread,
And sought a wonted greeting in the air,
And strayed
Between thy blades, and with each blade
As with meeting fingers played
And tresses long and fair.
Then again at placid length it lay,
Stretched as to kisses of accustomed lips;
And again in sudden strain
Sprang, falling clenched with pain,
Till the knuckles white,
Thro' the evening gray,
Whitened and whitened as the snowy tips
Of far hills glimmer thro' the night.
But who shall tell that agony
That beat thee, beat thee into bloody clay
Red as the sards and rubies of the rings;
As when a bird, fast by the fowler's net,
A moment doth forget
His fetters, and with desperate wings
A-sudden springs and falls,
And (while from happy clouds the skylark calls)
Still feebler springs
And fainter falls,

And still untamed upon the gory ground
With failing strength renews his deadly wound ?
At length the struggle ceased ; and my fixed eye
Perceived that every finger wan
Did quiver like the quivering fan
Of a dying butterfly,
Nor long I watched until
Even the humming in the air was still.
Then I gazed and gazed,
Nor once my aching eyeballs raised
Till a poor bird that had a meadow nest
Came down, and like a shadow ran
Among the shadowy grass.
I followed with mine eyes ; and with a strain
Pursued her, till six cubits' length beyond
Thy central sheaf, I found
A sight I could not pass.
The hacked and haggard head
Of a huge war-horse dead.
The evening haze hung o'er him like a breath,
And still in death
He stretched drawn lips of rage that grinned in vain ;
A sparrow chirped upon
His wound, and in his dying slaver fed,
Or picked those teeth of stone
That bit with lifeless jaws the purple tongue of pain.

But I remembered that dead hand
I left to trace the childless lark,
And back o'er those six cubits of grass-land,

Blade by blade, and stalk by stalk,
As one doth walk
Who, mindful, counts by dark
Along the garden palings to the gate,
I felt along the vision to where late
There lay that dead hand white;
But now methought that there was something more
Than when I looked before,
And what was more was sweeter than the rest;
As when upon the moony half of night
Aurora lays a living light,
Softer than moonshine, yet more bright.
And as I looked I was aware
Another hand was on the hand,
A smaller hand, more fair
But not more white, as is the warm delight
That curves and curls and coyly glows
About the blushing heart of the white rose
More fair but not more white
Than those broad beauties that expand
And fall, and falling blanch the morning air.

Both hands lay motionless,
The living on the dead. But by and by
The living hand began to move and press
The cold dead flesh, and took its silent way
So often o'er the unresponsive clay,
In such long-drawn caress
Of pleading passion, such an ecstasy
Of supplicating touch, that as they lay

So like, so unlike, twined with the fond art
And all the dear delay
And dreadful patience of a desperate heart,
Methought that to the tenement
From which it lately went,
The naked life had come back, and did try
By every gate to enter. While I thought,
With sudden clutch of new intent
The living grasp had caught
The dead compliance. Slowly thro'
The dusky air she raised it, and aloft,
While all her fingers soft
And every starting vein
Tightened as in a rack of pain,
Held it one straining moment fixed and mute,
And let it go.
And with a thud upon the sod,
It fell like falling fruit.

Then there came a cry,
Tearless, bloodless, dry
Of every sap of sorrow but its own—
It had no likeness among living cries ;
And to my heart my streaming blood was blown
As if before my eyes
A dead man sprang up dead, and dead fell down.
The carrion-hunting winds that prowl the wold,
Frenzied for prey, sweep in and bear it on,
Far, far and further thro' the shrieking cold,
And still the yelling pack devour it as they run.

And silence, like a want of air,
Was round me, and my sense burned low,
And darkness darkened; and the glow
Of the living hand being gone,
The dead hand showed like a pale stone
Full fathom five
Under a quiet bay.
But still my sight did dive
To reach it where it lay,
And still the night grew dark, and by degrees
The dead thing glimmered with a drownèd light,
As faces seem and sink in depths of darkening seas.
Then, while yet
My set eyes saw it, as the sage doth set
His glass to some dim glimpse afar
That palpitates from mote to star,
It was touched and hid;
Touched and hid, as when a deep sea-weed
Hides some white sea-sorrow. All
My sight uprose, and all my soul
(As one who presses at the pane
When a city show goes by),
Crowded into the fixed eye,
And filled the starting ball.
Nor filled in vain.
I began to feel
The air had something to reveal.
Beyond the blank indifference
Was underlined another sense,
Was rained a gracious influence ;

And tho' the darkness was so deep,
I knew it was not wholly dead,
Nor empty, as we feel in sleep
That some one standeth by the bed.
I beheld, as who should look
In trance upon a sealèd book.
I perceived that in a place
The night was lighter, as the face
Of an Indian Queen when love
Draws back the dark blood from her sick
Pale cheek
Behind the sable curtain that doth not move.

No outer light was shed,
But as the mystery
Before my stronger will did slowly yield,
I saw, as in that dark hour before morn
When the shocks of harvest corn
Exhale about the midnight field
The wealth of yellow suns, and breathe a gentle day.
I saw the shape of a fair bended head,
And hair pale streaming long and low
Veiling the face I might not know,
And dabbling all the ground with sweet uncertain woe.
Much I questioned in my mind
Of her form and kind,
But my stern compelling eye
Brought no other answer from the air,
Nor did my rude hand dare
Profane that agony.

I watched apart
With such a sweet awe in my heart
As looks up dumb into the sky
When that goddess, lorn and lone,
Who slew grim winter like a polar bear,
And threw his immemorial white
Upon her granite throne,
Sits all unseen as Death,
Save for the loss of many a hidden star
And for the wintry mystery of her breath,
And at a far-sight that she sees,
Bowed by her great despair,
Bendeth her awful head upon her knees,
And all her wondrous hair
Dishevels golden down the northern night.

At length my weary gaze
Relents : and, haze in haze
Pervolving as in glad release,
I saw each separate shade
Slide from his place and fade,
And all the flowering dark did winter back
Into its undistinguished black.
So the sculptor doth in fancy make
His formed image in the formless stone,
And while his spells compel,
Can see it there full well,
The ivory kernel in the ivory shell,
But shakes himself and all the god is gone.

Alas !

And have I seen thee but an hour ?

And shalt thou never tell

Thy story, oh thou broken flower,

Thou midnight asphodel

Among the battle grass ?

Too soon ! Too soon !

But while I bid thee stay,

Night, like a cloud, dissolves into the day,

And from the city clock I hear the stroke of noon.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

TUMBLE and rumble, and grumble and snort,
Like a whale to starboard, a whale to port;
Tumble and rumble, and grumble and snort,
And the steamer steams thro' the sea, love !

I see the ship on the sea, love,
I stand alone
On this rock,
The sea does not shock
The stone;
The waters around it are swirled,
But under my feet
I feel it go down
To where the hemispheres meet
At the adamant heart of the world.
Oh, that the rock would move !
Oh, that the rock would roll
To meet thee over the sea, love !
Surely my mighty love
Should fill it like a soul,
And it should bear me to thee, love ;
Like a ship on the sea, love,
Bear me, bear me, to thee, love !

Guns are thundering, seas are sundering, crowds are wondering,

Low on our lee, love.

Over and over the cannon-clouds cover brother and lover, but
over and over

The whirl-wheels trundle the sea, love,
And on thro' the loud pealing pomp of her cloud
The great ship is going to thee, love;
Blind to her mark, like a world thro' the dark,
Thundering, sundering, to the crowds wondering,
Thundering ever to thee, love.

I have come down to thee coming to me, love.

I stand, I stand

On the solid sand,

I see thee coming to me, love ;

The sea runs up to me on the sand,

I start—'t is as if thou hadst stretched thine hand

And touched me thro' the sea, love.

I feel as if I must die

For there's something longs to fly,

Fly and fly, to thee, love.

As the blood of the flower ere she blows

Is beating up to the sun,

And her roots do hold her down,

And it blushes and breaks undone

In a rose,

So my blood is beating in me, love !

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I see thee nigh and nigher,
And my soul leaps up like sudden fire,
My life's in the air
To meet thee there,
To meet thee coming to me, love !
Over the sea,
Coming to me,
Coming, and coming to me, love !

The boats are lowered : I leap in first,
Pull, boys, pull ! or my heart will burst !
More ! more !—lend me an oar !—
I'm thro' the breakers ! I'm on the shore !
I see thee waiting for me, love !

A sudden storm
Of sighs and tears,
A clenching arm,
A look of years.
In my bosom a thousand cries,
A flash like light before my eyes,
And I am lost in thee, love !

THE GHOST'S RETURN.

SKIRLIN' an' birlin', tunin' an' croonin',
Reelin' an' skreelin', they piped down the glen,
Lang Hugh an' black Sandie, Ian Dhu an' wee Dandie,
Wha wad na gang wi' the braw Hiellan'men?

Skirlin' an' birlin', tunin' an' croonin',
Reelin' and skreelin', they piped down the glen,
Wi' a rout an' a shout, an' a' the lasses out,
Wha wad na gang wi' the braw Hiellan'men?

Skirlin' an' birlin', tunin' an' croonin',
Reelin' an' skreelin', they piped down the glen!
Wi' the hot light o' noon an' the blue sky aboon,
Ilka man sword in han' gaed the braw Hiellan'men!

Ken ye why we weep? Think ye that they sleep,
Ilka man on his ain bluidy brae,
Ilk ane whar he died wi' a faeman by his side,
An' the pibroch can wauk him na mae?

Or the news cam' fra the fiel' we ken'd it a' too weel,
Our bonnie bonnie braw Hielan'men !
Not a foot ony stirred to meet the bluidy word,
As the death-roll cam' slow up the glen.

Had ye seen any sight of terror and affright ?
Did their ghosts walk in white up the glen ?

We saw na ony sight o' terror an' affright,
An' white's no for braw tartaned men !

Fra the hour they gaed that day, oh the glen was fu' o' wae,
Our bonnie bonnie braw Hielan'men !
Sair, sair, an' mair an' mair, our hearts were fu' o' care,
And our een speerit aye down the glen ;

Till ae morn it did befa' that we waukit up a',
An' the light it was sweet, but an' ben,
An' a' that lang day we had na ony wae,
An' no ee cared to speer down the glen.

Not a lassie but apart hid her wonder in her heart,
An' lay close till the day began to dee,
Lest her canty een confest the secret o' her breast,
For she said, " They will a' weep but me."

But when we met at een by the thorn upon the green,
An' the tale we a' tellt was the same,
Not a word mair we said, but ilkane hid her head,
An' kenned that her man was at hame.

DAFT JEAN.

DAFT Jean,
The waesome wean,
She cam' by the cottage, she cam' by the ha',
The laird's ha' o' Wutherstanelaw,
The cottar's cot by the birken shaw;
An' aye she gret,
To ilk ane she met,
For the trumpet had blawn an' her lad was awa'.

"Black, black," sang she,
"Black, black my weeds shall be,
My love has widowed me!
Black, black!" sang she.

Daft Jean,
The waesome wean,
She cam' by the cottage, she cam' by the ha',
The laird's ha' o' Wutherstanelaw,
The cottar's cot by the birken shaw;
Nae mair she creepit,
Nae mair she weepit,

She stept 'mang the lasses the queen o' them a',
The queen o' them a',
The queen o' them a',
She stept 'mang the lasses the queen o' them a'.
For the fight it was fought i' the fiel' far awa',
An' claymore in han' for his love an' his lan',
The lad she lo'ed best he was foremost to fa'.

"White, white," sang she,
"White, white, my weeds shall be,
I am no widow," sang she,
"White, white, my wedding shall be,
White, white!" sang she.

Daft Jean,
The waesome wean,
She gaed na' to cottage, she gaed na' to ha',
But forth she creepit,
While a' the house weepit,
Into the snaw i' the eerie night-fa'.

At morn we found her,
The lammies stood round her,
The snaw was her pillow, her sheet was the snaw;
Pale she was lying,
Singing and dying,
A' for the laddie wha fell far awa'.

"White, white," sang she,
"My love has married me,
White, white, my weeds shall be,
White, white, my wedding shall be,
White, white," sang she !

THE RECRUITS' BALL.

Fiddler loquitur.

HEIGHO, fiddlestick, fiddlestick, fiddlestick,
Heigho, fiddlestick, fiddle for a king !
Heigh, pretty Kitty ! heigh, jolly Polly !
Up with the heels, girls ! fling, lasses, fling !
Heigh there ! stay there ! that's not the way, there !
Oh Johnny, Johnny,
Oh Johnny, Johnny,
Ho, ho, everybody all round the ring !

Heigho, fiddlestick, fiddlestick, fiddlestick,
Heigho, fiddlestick, fiddle for a king !
Heigh, pretty Kitty ! heigh, jolly Polly !
Up with the heels, girls ! swing, girls, swing !
Foot, boys ! foot, boys ! to 't, boys ! do 't, boys !
Ho, Bill ! ho, Jill ! ho, Will ! ho, Phil !
Ho, Johnny, Johnny,
Ho, Johnny, Johnny,
Ho, ho, everybody, all round the ring !

Deuce take the fiddle,
Deuce take the fiddle,
Deuce take the jolly fiddle, deuce take the fiddler !
Here goes the fiddle,
Here goes the fiddle,
Here goes the jolly fiddle, here goes the fiddler !

Ned, boy ! your head, boy !
She 'll strike you dead, boy !
There she goes at your nose !
Deuce strike you dead, boy !

Call, boys ! bawl, boys !
Deuce take us all, boys !
Here we go, yes or no,
Deuce take us all, boys !

Deuce take the wall, boys,
Deuce take the floor, boys,
Deuce take the jolly floor,
Deuce take us all, boys !

There goes the wall, boys !
There goes the door, boys !
Round they swing in a ring !
There goes the floor, boys !

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Lad, wench, roof, floor,
Wench, lad, wall, door !
Curse the ground, spin it round !
Deuce take us all, boys !

FOR CHARITY'S SAKE.

" OH dark-eyed maid,"
The soldier said,
" I 've been wounded in many a fray,
But such a dart
As you shoot to my heart,
I never felt till to-day.

" Then give to me
Kisses, one, two, three,
All for dear Charity's sake.
And pity my pain,
And meet me again,
Or else my heart must break."

Peggy was kind,
She would save the blind

Black fly that shimmered the ale,
And her quick hand stopped
If a grass-moth dropped
In the drifted snows of the pail.

One, two, three,
Kisses gave she,
All for dear Charity's sake ;
And she pitied his pain,
And she met him again,
For fear his heart should break.

The bugle blew,
The merry flag flew,
The squadron clattered the town ;
The twigs were bright on the minster elm,
He wore a primrose in his helm
As they clattered thro' the town.
Heyday, holiday, on we go !
Heyday, holiday, blow boys, blow !
Clattering thro' the town.

And when the minster leaves were sear,
On a far red field by a dark sea drear,
In dust and thunder, and cheer, boys, cheer,
The bold dragoon went down.

Shiver, poor Peggy, the wind blows high;
Beg a penny as I go by,
All for sweet Charity's sake :
Hold the thin hand from the shawl,
Turn the wan face to the wall,
Turn the face, let the hot tears fall,
For fear your heart should break.

WIND.

On the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold!
Oh the winter stark,
Oh the level dark,
On the wold, the wold, the wold !

Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold !
Oh the mystery
Of the blasted tree
On the wold, the wold, the wold !

Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold !
Oh the owlet's croon
To the haggard moon,
To the waning moon,
On the wold, the wold, the wold !

Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold !
Oh the fleshless stare,
Oh the windy hair,
On the wold, the wold, the wold !

Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold !
Oh the cold sigh,
Oh the hollow cry,
The lean and hollow cry,
On the wold, the wold, the wold !

Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold !
Oh the white sight,
Oh the shuddering night,
The shivering shuddering night,
On the wold, the wold, the wold !

"WHEN THE RAIN IS ON THE ROOF."

LORD, I am poor, and know not how to speak,
But since Thou art so great,
Thou needest not that I should speak to Thee well.
All angels speak unto Thee well.

Lord, Thou hast all things : what Thou wilt is Thine.
More gold and silver than the sun and moon ;
All flocks and herds, all fish in every sea ;
Mountains and valleys, cities and all farms ;
Cots and all men, harvests and years of fruit.
Is any king arrayed like Thee, who wearest
A new robe every morning ? Who is crowned
As Thou, who settest heaven upon Thy head ?
But as for me—
For me, if he be dead, I have but Thee !
Therefore, because Thou art my sole possession,
I will not fear to speak to Thee who art mine,
For who doth dread his own ?

Lord, I am very sorrowful. I know
That Thou delightest to do well ; to wipe
Tears from all eyes ; to bind the broken-hearted ;

N

To comfort them that mourn ; to give to them
Beauty for ashes, and to garb with joy
The naked soul of grief. And what so good
But Thou that wilt canst do it ? Which of all
Thy works is less in wonder and in praise
Than this poor heart's desire ? Give me, oh Lord,
My heart's desire ! Wilt Thou refuse my prayer
Who givest when no man asketh ? How great things,
How unbesought, how difficult, how strange,
Thou dost in daily pleasure ! Who is like Thee,
Oh Lord of Life and Death ? The year is dead ;
It smouldered in its smoke to the white ash
Of winter : but Thou breathest and the fire
Is kindled, and Thy summer bounty burns.
This is a marvel to me. Day is buried ;
And where they laid him in the west I see
The mounded mountains. Yet shall he come back ;
Not like a ghost that rises from his grave.
But in the east the palace gates will ope,
And he comes forth out of the feast, and I
Behold him and the glory after him,
Like to a messaged angel with wide arms
Of rapture, all the honour in his eyes,
And blushing with the King. In the dark hours
Thou hast been busy with him : for he went
Down westward, and he cometh from the east,
Not as toil-stained from travel, tho' his course
And journey in the secrets of the night
Be far as earth and heaven. This is a sum
Too hard for me, oh Lord ; I cannot do it.

But Thou hast set it, and I know with Thee
 There is an answer. Man also, oh Lord,
 Is clear and whole before Thee. Well I know
 That the strong skein and tangle of our life
 Thou holdest by the end. The mother dieth—
 The mother dieth ere her time, and like
 A jewel in the cinders of a fire,
 The child endures. Also, the son is slain,
 And she who bore him shrieks not while the steel
 Doth hack her some-time vitals, and transfix
 The heart she throbbed with. How shall these things be?
 Likewise, oh Lord, man that is born of woman,
 Who built him of her tenderness, and gave
 Her sighs to breathe him, and for all his bones—
 Poor trembler!—hath no wherewithal more stern
 Than bowels of her pity, cometh forth
 Like a young lion from his den. Ere yet
 His teeth be fangled he hath greed of blood,
 And gambols for the slaughter: and being grown,
 Sudden, with terrible mane and mouthing thunder,
 Like a thing native to the wilderness
 He stretches toward the desert; while his dam,
 As a poor dog that nursed the king of beasts,
 Strains at her sordid chain, and, with set ear,
 Hath yet a little longer, in the roar
 And backward echo of his windy flight,
 Him seen no more. This also is too hard—
 Too hard for me, oh Lord! I cannot judge it.
 Also the armies of him are as dust.
 A little while the storm and the great rain

Beat him, and he abideth in his place,
But the suns scorch on him, and all his sap
And strength, whereby he held against the ground,
Is spent ; as in the unwatched pot on the fire,
When that which should have been the children's blood
Scarce paints the hollow iron. Then Thou callest
Thy wind. He passeth like the stowre and dust
Of roads in summer. A brief while it casts
A shadow, and beneath the passing cloud
Things not to pass do follow to the hedge,
Swift heaviness runs under with a show,
And draws a train, and what was white is dark ;
But at the hedge it falleth on the fields—
It falleth on the greenness of the grass ;
The grass between its verdure takes it in,
And no man heedeth. Surely, oh Lord God,
If he has gone down from me, if my child
Nowhere in any lands that see the sun
Maketh the sunshine pleasant, if the earth
Hath smoothed o'er him as waters o'er a stone,
Yet is he further from Thee than the day
After its setting ? Shalt Thou not, oh Lord,
Be busy with him in the under dark,
And give him journey thro' the secret night,
As far as earth and heaven ? Aye, tho' Thou slay me
Yet will I trust in Thee, and in his flesh
Shall he see God ! But, Lord, tho' I am sure
That Thou canst raise the dead, oh what has he
To do with death ? Our days of pilgrimage
Are three-score years and ten ; why should he die ?

Lord, this is grievous, that the heathen rage,
 And because they imagined a vain thing,
 That Thou shouldst send the just man that feared Thee,
 To smite it from their hands. Lord, who are they,
 That this my suckling lamb is their burnt-offering?
 That with my staff, oh Lord, their fire is kindled,
 My ploughshare Thou dost beat into Thy sword,
 The blood Thou givest them to drink is mine?
 Let it be far from Thee to do to mine
 What if I did it to mine own, Thy curse
 Avenge. Do I take the children's bread
 And give it to the dogs? Do I rebuke
 So widely that the aimless lash comes down
 On innocent and guilty? Do I lift
 The hand of goodness by the elbowed arm
 And break it on the evil? Not so. Not so.
 Lord what advantageth it to be God
 If Thou do less than I?

Have mercy on me!

Deal not with me according to mine anger!
 Thou knowest if I lift my voice against Thee,
 'T is but as he who in his fierce despair
 Dasheth his head against the dungeon-stone,
 Sure that but one can suffer. Yet, oh Lord,
 If Thou hast heard—if my loud passion reached
 Thine awful ear—and yet, I think, oh Father,
 I did not rage, but my most little anger
 Borne in the strong arms of my mighty love
 Seemed of the other's stature—oh, good Lord,
 Bear witness now against me. Let me see

And taste that Thou art good. Thou who art slow
To wrath, oh pause upon my quick offence,
And show me mortal! Thou whose strength is made
Perfect in weakness, ah, be strong in me,
For I am weak indeed! How weak, oh Lord,
Thou knowest who hast seen the unlifted sin
Lie on the guilty tongue that strove in vain
To speak it. Call my madness from the tombs!
Let the dumb fiend confess Thee! If I sinned
In silence, if I looked the fool i' the face
And answered to his heart, "There is no God,"
Now in mine hour stretch forth Thy hand, oh Lord,
And let me be ashamed. As when in sleep
I dream, and in the horror of my dream
Fall to the empty place below the world
Where no man is : no light, no life, no help,
No hope! And all the marrow in my bones
Leaps in me, and I rend the night with fear!
And he who lieth near me thro' the dark
Stretcheth an unseen hand, and all is well.
Tho' Thou shouldst give me all my heart's desire,
What is it in Thine eyes? Give me, oh God,
My heart's desire! my heart's desire, oh God!
As a young bird doth bend before its mother,
Bendeth and crieth to its feeding mother,
So bend I for that good thing before Thee.
It trembleth on the rock with many cries,
It bendeth with its breast upon the rock,
And worships in the hunger of its heart.
I tremble on the rock with many cries,

I bend my beating breast against the rock,
 And worship in the hunger of my heart.
 Give me that good thing ere I die, my God!
 Give me that very good thing! Thou standest, Lord,
 By all things, as one standeth after harvest
 By the threshed corn, and, when the crowding fowl
 Beseech him, being a man and seeing as men,
 Hath pity on their cry, respecting not
 The great and little barley, but at will
 Dipping one hand into the golden store
 Straweth alike; nevertheless to them
 Whose eyes are near their meat and do esteem
 By conscience of their bellies, grain and grain
 Is stint or riches. Let it, oh my God,
 Be far from Thee to measure out Thy gifts
 Smaller and larger, or to say to me
 Who am so poor and lean with the long fast
 Of such a dreary dearth—to me whose joy
 Is not as Thine—whose human heart is nearer
 To its own good than Thou who art in heaven—
 "Not this but this:" to me who if I took
 All that these arms could compass, all pressed down
 And running over that this heart could hold,
 All that in dreams I covet when the soul
 Sees not the further bound of what it craves,
 Might filch my mortal infinite from Thine
 And leave Thee nothing less. Give me, oh Lord,
 My heart's desire! It profiteth Thee nought
 Being withheld; being given, where is that aught
 It doth not profit me? Wilt Thou deny

That which to Thee is nothing, but to me
 All things? Not so. Not so. If I were God
 And Thou —— Have mercy on me! oh Lord! Lord!

* * * * *

Lord, I am weeping. As Thou wilt, oh Lord,
 Do with him as Thou wilt; but oh, my God,
 Let him come back to die! Let not the fowls
 O' the air defile the body of my child,
 My own fair child that when he was a babe
 I lift up in my arms and gave to Thee!
 Let not his garment, Lord, be vilely parted,
 Nor the fine linen which these hands have spun
 Fall to the stranger's lot! Shall the wild bird
 —That would have pilfered of the ox—this year
 Disdain the pens and stalls? Shall her blind young,
 That on the flock and moult of brutish beasts
 Had been too happy, sleep in cloth of gold
 Whereof each thread is to this beating heart
 As a peculiar darling? Lo, the flies
 Hum o'er him! Lo, a feather from the crow
 Falls in his parted lips! Lo, his dead eyes
 See not the raven! Lo, the worm, the worm
 Creeps from his festering horse! My God! my God!

* * * * *

Oh Lord, Thou doest well. I am content.
 If Thou have need of him he shall not stay.
 But as one calleth to a servant, saying
 "At such a time be with me," so, oh Lord,
 Call him to Thee! Oh bid him not in haste
 Straight whence he standeth. Let him lay aside

The soiled tools of labour. Let him wash
His hands of blood. Let him array himself
Meet for his Lord, pure from the sweat and fume
Of corporal travail! Lord, if he must die,
Let him die here. Oh take him where Thou gavest!

And even as once I held him in my womb
Till all things were fulfilled, and he came forth,
So, oh Lord, let me hold him in my grave
Till the time come, and Thou, who settest when
The hinds shall calve, ordain a better birth;
And as I looked and saw my son, and wept
For joy, I look again and see my son,
And weep again for joy of him and Thee!

THE BOTANIST'S VISION.

THE sun that in Breadalbane's lake doth fall
Was melting to the sea down golden Tay,
When a cry came along the peopled way,
"Sebastopol is ours!" From that wild call
I turned, and leaning on a time-worn wall
Quaint with the touch of many an ancient day,
The mapped mould and mildewed marquetry
Knew with my focussed soul; which bent down all
Its sense, power, passion, to the sole regard
Of each green minim, as it were but born
To that one use. I strode home stern and hard;
In my hot hands I laid my throbbing head,
And all the living world and all the dead
Began a march which did not end at morn.

THE ORPHAN'S SONG.

I HAD a little bird,
I took it from the nest;
I prest it, and blest it,
And nurst it in my breast.

I set it on the ground,
I danced round and round,
And sang about it so cheerly,
With "Hey my little bird, and ho my little bird,
And oh but I love thee dearly!"

I make a little feast
Of food soft and sweet,
I hold it in my breast,
And coax it to eat ;

I pit, and I pat,
I call it this and that,
And sing about it so cheerly,
With "Hey my little bird, and ho my little bird,
And ho but I love thee dearly!"

I may kiss, I may sing,
But I can't make it feed,
It taketh no heed
Of any pleasant thing.

I scolded, and I socked,
But it minded not a whit,
Its little mouth was locked,
And I could not open it.

Tho' with pit, and with pat,
And with this, and with that,
I sang about it so cheerly,
And "Hey my little bird, and ho my little bird,
And ho but I love thee dearly."

But when the day was done,
And the room was at rest,
And I sat all alone
With my birdie in my breast,

And the light had fled,
And not a sound was heard,
Then my little bird
Lifted up its head,

And the little mouth
Loosed its sullen pride,
And it opened, it opened,
With a yearning strong and wide.

Swifter than I speak
I brought it food once more,
But the poor little beak
Was locked as before.

I sat down again,
And not a creature stirred,
I laid the little bird
Again where it had lain;

And again when nothing stirred,
And not a word I said,
Then my little bird
Lifted up its head,
And the little beak
Loosed its stubborn pride,
And it opened, it opened,
With a yearning strong and wide.

It lay in my breast,
It uttered no cry,
'T was famished, 't was famished,
And I could n't tell why.

I could n't tell why,
But I saw that it would die,
For all that I kept dancing round and round,
And singing above it so cheerly,
With "Hey my little bird, and ho my little bird,
And ho but I love thee dearly!"

I never look sad,
I hear what people say,
I laugh when they are gay
And they think I am glad.

My tears never start,
I never say a word,
But I think that my heart
Is like that little bird.

Every day I read,
And I sing, and I play,
But thro' the long day
It taketh no heed.

It taketh no heed
Of any pleasant thing,
I know it doth not read,
I know it doth not sing.

With my mouth I read,
With my hands I play,
My shut heart is shut,
Coax it how you may.

You may coax it how you may
While the day is broad and bright,
But in the dead night
When the guests are gone away,

And no more the music sweet
Up the house doth pass,
Nor the dancing feet
Shake the nursery glass ;

And I've heard my aunt
Along the corridor,
And my uncle gaunt
Lock his chamber door ;

And upon the stair
All is hushed and still,
And the last wheel
Is silent in the square ;

And the nurses snore,
And the dim sheets rise and fall,
And the lamplight 's on the wall,
And the mouse is on the floor ;

And the curtains of my bed
Are like a heavy cloud,
And the clock ticks loud,
And sounds are in my head ;

And little Lizzie sleeps
Softly at my side,
It opens, it opens,
With a yearning strong and wide !

It yearns in my breast,
It utters no cry,
'Tis famished, 't is famished,
And I feel that I shall die,
I feel that I shall die,
And none will know why.
Tho' the pleasant life is dancing round and round
And singing about me so cheerly,
With "Hey my little bird, and ho my little bird,
And ho but I love thee dearly!"

TOMMY'S DEAD.

You may give over plough, boys,
You may take the gear to the stead,
All the sweat o' your brow, boys,
Will never get beer and bread.
The seed's waste, I know, boys,
There's not a blade will grow, boys,
'T is cropped out, I trow, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to fair, boys,
He's going blind, as I said,
My old eyes can't bear, boys,
To see him in the shed ;
The cow's dry and spare, boys,
She's neither here nor there, boys,
I doubt she's badly bred ;
Stop the mill to-morn, boys,
There'll be no more corn, boys,
Neither white nor red ;
There's no sign of grass, boys,
You may sell the goat and the ass, boys,
The land's not what it was, boys,
And the beasts must be fed :

You may turn Peg away, boys,
You may pay off old Ned,
We've had a dull day, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys,
Let me turn my head :
She's standing there in the door, boys,
Your sister Winifred !
Take her away from me, boys,
Your sister Winifred !
Move me round in my place, boys,
Let me turn my head,
Take her away from me, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed,
The bones of her thin face, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed !
I don't know how it be, boys,
When all's done and said,
But I see her looking at me, boys,
Wherever I turn my head ;
Out of the big oak-tree, boys,
Out of the garden-bed,
And the lily as pale as she, boys,
And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys,
But I think it's not in my head,
I've kept my precious sight, boys—
The Lord be hallowed !

Outside and in
The ground is cold to my tread,
The hills are wizen and thin,
The sky is shrivelled and shred,
The hedges down by the loan
I can count them bone by bone,
The leaves are open and spread
But I see the teeth of the land,
And hands like a dead man's hand,
And the eyes of a dead man's head.
There's nothing but cinders and sand,
The rat and the mouse have fed,
And the summer's empty and cold ;
Over valley and wold
Wherever I turn my head
There's a mildew and a mould,
The sun's going out over head,
And I'm very old,
And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys,
You're all born and bred,
'Tis fifty years and more, boys,
Since wife and I were wed,
And she's gone before, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,
Upon his curly head,

She knew she'd never see 't, boys,
And she stole off to bed ;
I've been sitting up alone, boys,
For he'd come home, he said,
But it's time I was gone, boys,
For Tommy's dead.

Put the shutters up, boys,
Bring out the beer and bread,
Make haste and sup, boys,
For my eyes are heavy as lead ;
There's something wrong i' the cup, boys,
There's something ill wi' the bread,
I don't care to sup, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not right, I doubt, boys,
I've such a sleepy head,
I shall never more be stout, boys,
You may carry me to bed.
What are you about, boys,
The prayers are all said,
The fire's raked out, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,
You may carry me to the head,
The night's dark and deep, boys,
Your mother's long in bed,
Tis time to go to sleep, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys,
You may shake my hand instead.
All things go amiss, boys,
You may lay me where she is, boys,
And I'll rest my old head :
'T is a poor world, this, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

“SHE TOUCHES A SAD STRING OF
SOFT RECALL.”

RETURN, return ! all night my lamp is burning,
All night, like it, my wide eyes watch and burn ;
Like it, I fade and pale, when day returning
Bears witness that the absent can return,
Return, return.

Like it, I lessen with a lengthening sadness,
Like it, I burn to waste and waste to burn,
Like it, I spend the golden oil of gladness
To feed the sorrow signal for return,
Return, return.

Like it, like it, whene'er the east wind sings,
I bend and shake ; like it, I quake and yearn,
When Hope's late butterflies, with whispering wings,
Fly in out of the dark, to fall and burn—
Burn in the watchfire of return,
Return, return.

Like it, the very flame whereby I pine
Consumes me to its nature. While I mourn
My soul becomes a better soul than mine,
And from its brightening beacon I discern
My starry love go forth from me, and shine
Across the seas a path for thy return,
Return, return.

Return, return ! all night I see it burn,
All night it prays like me, and lifts a twin
Of palmèd praying hands that meet and yearn—
Yearn to the impleaded skies for thy return.
Day, like a golden fetter, locks them in,
And wans the light that withers, tho' it burn
As warmly still for thy return ;
Still thro' the splendid load uplifts the thin
Pale, paler, palest patience that can learn
Nought but that votive sign for thy return—
That single suppliant sign for thy return,
Return, return.

Return, return ! lest haply, love, or e'er
Thou touch the lamp the light have ceased to burn,
And thou, who thro' the window didst discern
The wonted flame, shalt reach the topmost stair
To find no wide eyes watching there,
No withered welcome waiting thy return !
A passing ghost, a smoke-wreath in the air,
The flameless ashes, and the soulless urn,
Warm with the famished fire that lived to burn—

Burn out its lingering life for thy return,
Its last of lingering life for thy return,
Its last of lingering life to light thy late return,
Return, return.

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